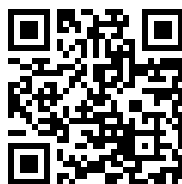

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OCTOBER, 1891
26TH YEAR

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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OUR LADY
OF
MARTYRS

MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

114 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1344 Pages Yearly, \$2.00

PHILADELPHIA, July 21, 1886.

Rev. and Dear Father: It gives me great pleasure to learn that you intend to publish *THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART* in Philadelphia for the future, and I hereby grant to that excellent publication my official *Imprimatur*.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

✠ P. J. RYAN,
Archbishop of Philadelphia.

APPROBATION

Of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 8th, 1885.

REV. R. S. DEWEY, S. J.

Rev. Dear Father: I take pleasure in renewing the commendations already given by myself, and previously by my venerated predecessors, to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, the periodical organ of the *Apostleship of Prayer*. . . In view of the fact that 15,000,000 Associates throughout the world daily offer up to the Sacred Heart their prayers and good works, more than 4,000,000 reciting a decade of the Rosary and 40,000 receiving Communion, according to the monthly intentions designated by the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda, with the special blessing of our Holy Father Leo XIII., and made known to this praying multitude by 29 religious magazines like your own, in 14 different languages; and that all this piety is reinforced by the merits of over 160 of the larger Religious Orders and Congregations of men and women; I can heartily join with the great number of venerable Bishops in all parts of the Catholic Church, in the wish of the Holy Father, as expressed in the last grant of spiritual favors to the Associates,—“*that they may be made to increase more and more in number as well as in piety.*”

I am also pleased that the *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*, which already has my approbation, now becomes the *second monthly issue of the Messenger*, taking up the work of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary on the occasion of the Tercentenary of its foundation; and, especially, that it is to spread a knowledge of the more edifying instances of sanctity in the American Church, not only from the early and present missions but also from among our good Christian people.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

✠ JAMES GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

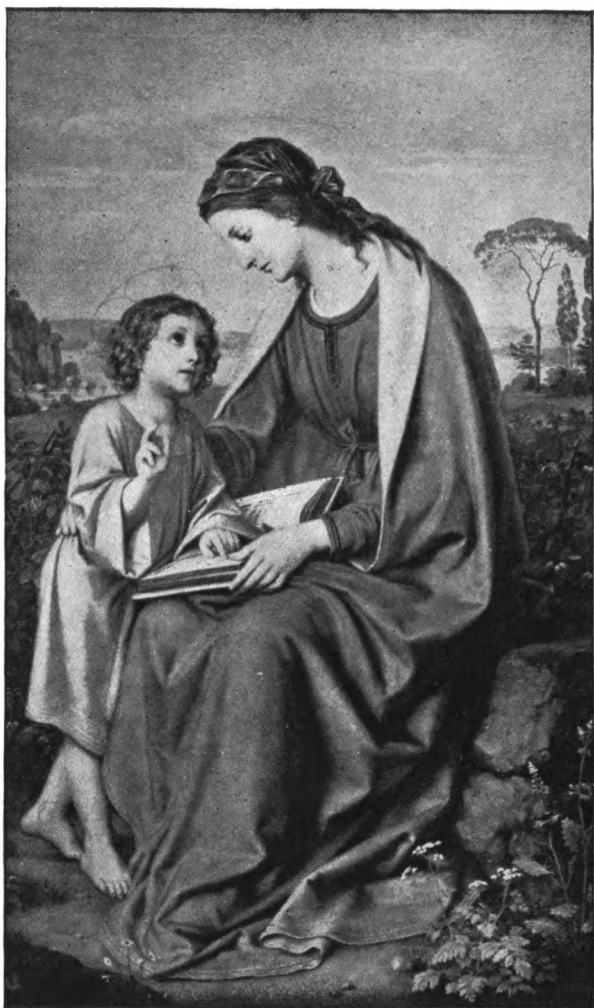
We approve all your publications, whether periodical or not (Hand-book, pamphlets, leaflets, &c.), as expressing the true spirit of our Holy League, and we earnestly desire that they should be placed in the hands of all our dear Associates of the United States.

Moreover, in order that the work should have life and be in communion of prayers and *intentions*, monthly and daily,—something that is proper to our Holy League—it is indispensable that the periodical publications of the work should be received, publications which you *alone* have the right of issuing in the region confided to your zeal.

TOULOUSE, 29 April, 1887.

E. REGNAULT, S. J.,
*Director General.*¹

¹Named by Leo XIII., 20 January, 1884.



“HE GREW IN WISDOM.”

(Design of Janssens.)

THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. VI (XXVI).

OCTOBER, 1891.

No. 10

BEAUTY'S BEST.

By John Acton.



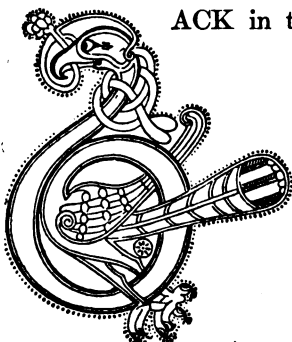
EE, Beauty's best !” The poet smoothed a rose
With his smooth palm, nor ever
dreamed he erred :—
For Beauty's best hath home in Thee, fair
Word
Made saving Flesh. The poet's flow'r
were prose,

Set against Thee, Beloved, and its scent
Less than its dust, against Thy Sacred Heart,
Whose odorous balm of Love can soothe the smart
Even of death. . . . O poet ! be content

To call a rose—just that. Or, if you will
(For this were truth), give the queen-flower's name
To the Queen Mother who, past Calv'ry's shame,
Saw her son rise her King, yet meek Son still.

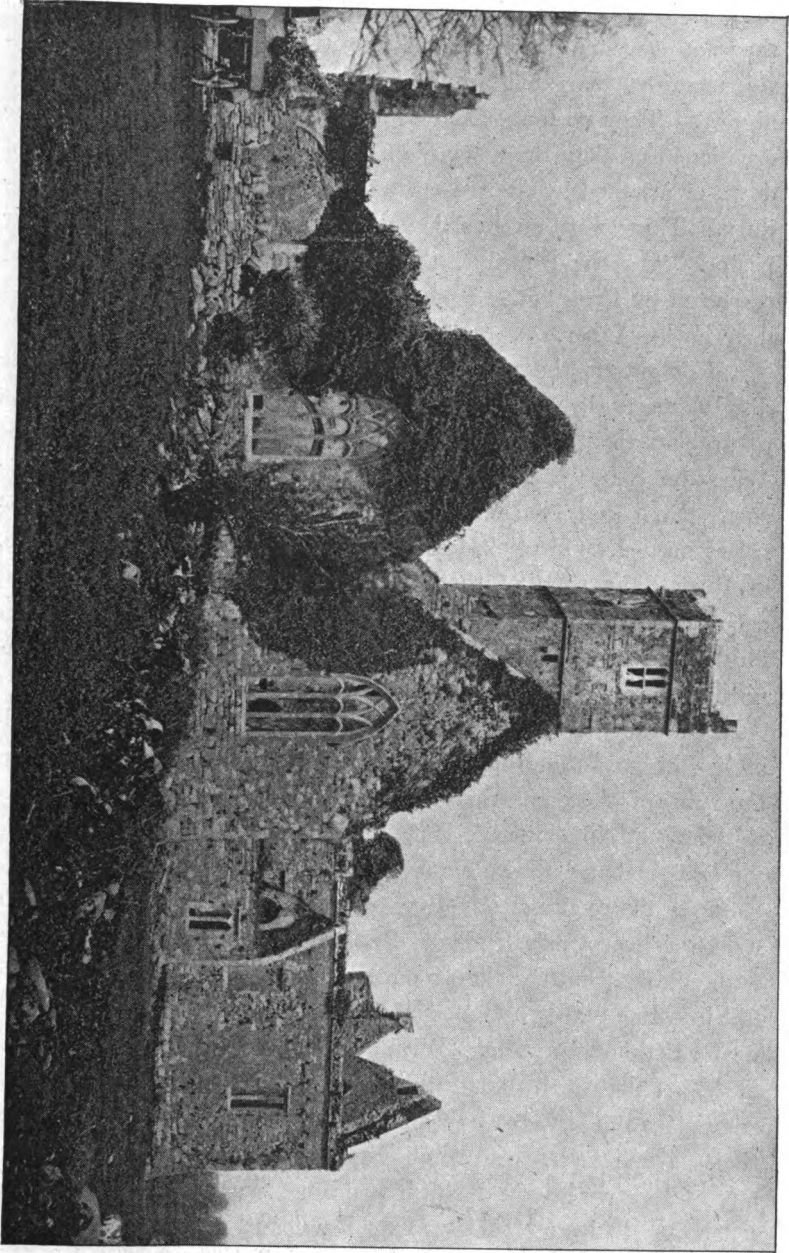
THE THEBAID OF GALWAY.

ROSS ERRILLY.



ACK in the early sixties, while I was still a small boy, the little town of Headford, then as now, numbering about a thousand souls, had no other church than its unpaved market-place, with the leaden Connaught sky for roof. On Sundays the priest said Mass in what dim memory now pictures as a kind of carriage-house, whose wide doors opened in the centre of the eastern side of the wall bounding the square. The congregation, in sunshine or in rain, and much more frequently in the rain than in sunshine, knelt or stood in the square, or sought shelter, as many as could do so, in an open shed 200 feet away from the rude altar and opposite to it. It was but a slight incentive to devotion, you will say, to hear Mass under such conditions ; and yet it would be hard, even in Ireland, to find a more devout congregation than assembled every Sunday and holyday of obligation around Father Conway, the parish priest. Perhaps fewer far absented themselves from Mass under those conditions—though presence at it entailed, in the case of many, a walk of three or four Irish miles through the mud—than could be reckoned up in a like number of souls living within five or six squares of one of our commodious and well-heated city churches. “Was not the blessed God of heaven Himself there present to see them and to listen to them? And why should they, poor sinners, begrudge a walk of an hour or two on a Sunday to give Him their heartfelt thanks for the blessings of life and health and food and clothing?”

Heartfelt, indeed, were their expressions of gratitude in their warm, expressive, native tongue. Not thanks alone did they render, but a thousand thanks to God for the rain that drenched them



EXTERIOR OF ROSS ABBEY (From the South).

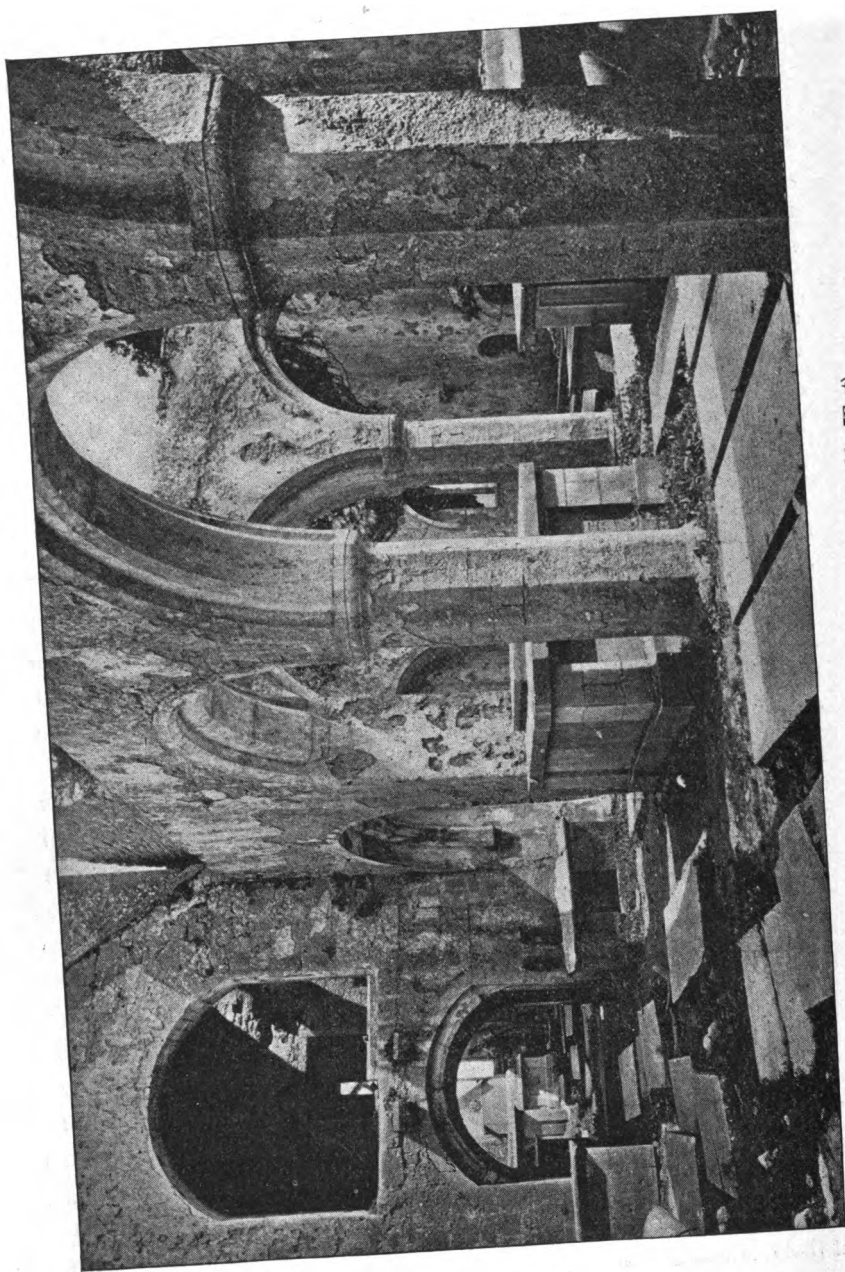
to the skin through frieze coats and Connemara cloaks. Were they not ever so much better off than their ancestors, whose hardships were yet narrated around the turf fire on the long wintry nights? They no longer had to assemble by stealth and on rare occasions to satisfy their devotion, or to run the risk of being shot down or arrested by the red-coats for complying with their Easter duty. There were no five pounds now set on the head of their pastor. On the contrary, there was no one more feared and respected by Protestant, or more loved by Catholic, than their own dear Father Peter.

Content as the people were to worship under such serious disadvantages, it was not one of America's smallest benefactions to Ireland that she contributed, during the height of the Civil War, the \$20,000 which the large stone church of St. Mary's cost. No equal sum was ever better invested or more imperatively needed. On week-days Mass was said in the priest's house, or, during the time of the "Stations," in the principal house of each village, which every one attended, and at which all communicated. A man or woman who omitted Easter Communion was unknown.

On the feast of All Souls, November 2, Mass was appropriately said amid the dead of the parish in the "Abbey of Ross," as the ruins of the monastic buildings of Ross Errilly are commonly called. On November 2, 1862, we were informed on assembling for school, that we were expected to hear Mass at the Abbey of Ross for the repose of our deceased relatives. To hear Mass on a week-day was a privilege not often enjoyed by us. That, together with release from the class-room for a few hours, impelled us to fall into line gladly and march to the Abbey, distant from Headford a little over a mile. With a solemnity and decorum born of faith, not the result of stern discipline, we walked in comparative silence for the space of half an hour, until we reached our destination. I believe not a word above a whisper could be heard from any of the two hundred children present on that day. Were we not going to hear Mass? and for the dead? and in a graveyard? The sacred mysteries of the Christian religion, celebrated among

the bones of martyrs and confessors and hidden saints, had a solemnity for us—reared in an atmosphere of Catholic faith and piety, and accustomed to the reverential mention of God's holy name in praise, in thanks, in salutations, in farewells and in promises long before the dawn of reason taught us its meaning—which one brought up amid different surroundings will find it difficult to realize. Catholics we were to the core, every one of us in the school, so Catholic that not one of us knew what it was to have a Protestant playmate; perhaps not a dozen of our number had ever spoken to a Protestant, young or old. I certainly never had. Our feelings of reverence, or, perhaps, meditation as to how we could best communicate to our parents the unwonted news of our having spent the morning at Mass instead of reciting lessons, may have prevented us from noticing the scenes around us. And yet the view could well repay the little fatigue we underwent.

On leaving the town and facing the northwest, there were visible on our right the Castle and Church of Moyne, both in ruins since the days of Cromwell, and bounding the horizon thirty miles away, the Ox and Nephin Mountains. More in front lay the highlands of Mayo, empurpled by the distance, with the cone of Cruagh Patrick standing sentinel by the sea. Next came the peaks of eastern Connemara, sending out a low range of mountains to skirt the shores of Lough Corrib on our left. This lake, with its placid bosom dotted by countless small islands, would burst into view from any eminence along our path. In our immediate vicinity the country was rich and well tilled, though not in such a way as to arrest the attention of a schoolboy. What would have arrested the attention of any one, even in green Erin, was the burst of richest green pasturage which met our gaze to the right, after we had covered a mile and a quarter of ground. Even if the stately pile of ruins were not in sight, the verdure would have told us that a monastic ruin was nigh. Surely the monks of old must have been good husbandmen, since after the lapse of centuries the effect of their superior tillage is perceptible even to the casual observer. And yet literature is full of flings at the laziness of the monks!



NAVE OF THE MONASTERY CHURCH (Looking East).

Looking towards the north there arose before us, on a slight elevation, gable after gable, of church and cloister, library and residence, shrouded in a rich growth of ivy and surmounted by a tower in perfect preservation, the ruins of Ross Errilly. Ruins they were, though to our imagination it required but little time and little skill to slip rafter and collar-beam into their clearly marked places, to cover over with slate or the more ancient stone slabs, to fit frames and glass between the perfect mullions, in order to have once more an abode suitable for a colony of contemplatives. One cause that may have operated to preserve these buildings in a more perfect state than falls to the lot of most others in Ireland, is the legend yet current in the neighborhood :

“Once upon a time, a Protestant near by wished to erect a new house, and, to save the trouble of quarrying material, thought of helping himself to the stones from the walls of the ‘Abbey.’ He loaded up one cart and was about to start on his way home, when he found that his horse could not pull. On examination he perceived that the harness had become loosened from the cart, a defect which was soon remedied. He whipped up his horse, but again there was a balk. Another mishap was discovered and, after some delay, set to rights. When he endeavored a third time to proceed, he encountered a more serious impediment. Entering into himself, he concluded that God was punishing him for desecrating the resting-place of the dead, and so he judged it better to seek his building-material elsewhere.”

As a retreat for prayer and contemplation the site of the monastery was well chosen. For in the absence of noisy factories and modern modes of locomotion, there was naught to disturb the solitude of the place, save the cry of the moor-hen, the curlew, the lapwing and plover, and the baying of the distant dog. Situated on an elevated portion of a tongue of land, jutting out into a moor, it was all but surrounded by an uninhabitable tract. Below it, on the north, and within bow-shot, flowed, or rather lingered, *Owen duv*, Black river, before losing its murky identity in the lighter waters of Lough Corrib, three miles away. This stream, judging from its present productiveness, must have always

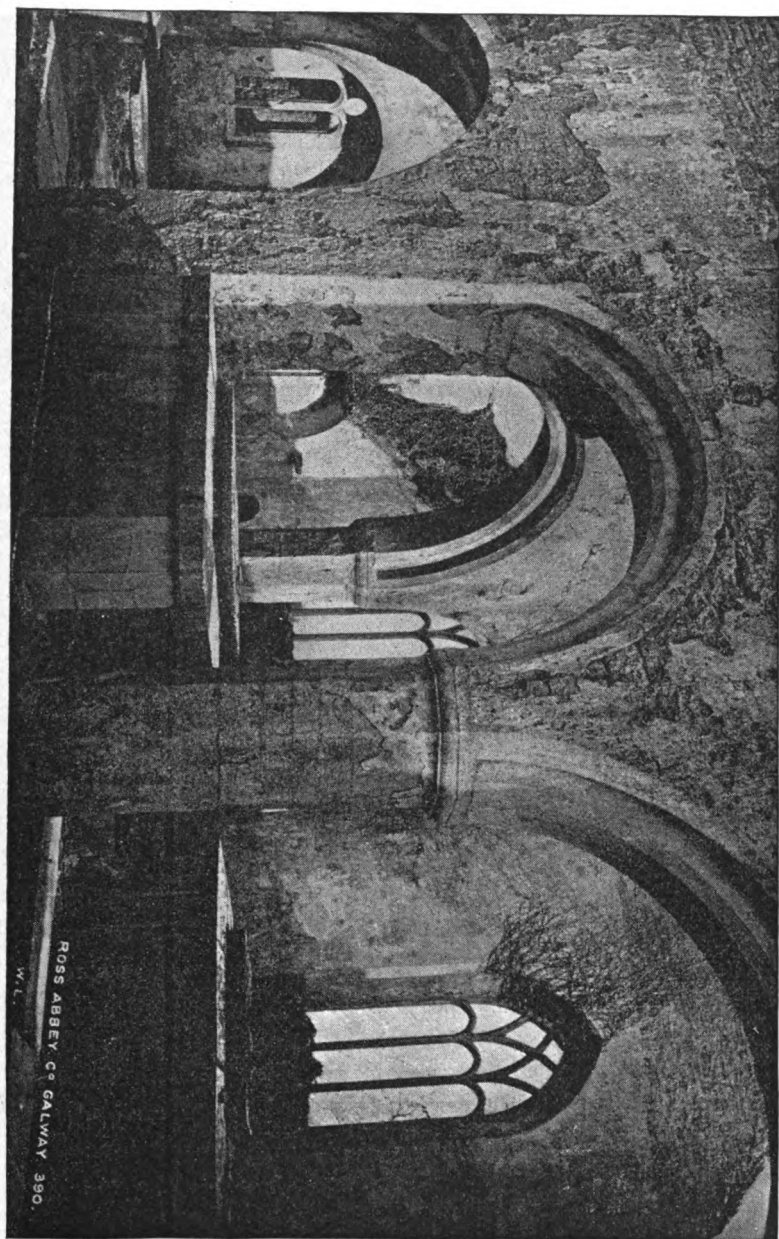
supplied the friars with a goodly stock of pike and trout and salmon for their Friday and fast-day bill of fare. The neighborhood, too, must have been deemed an important one, as the opposite and northern bank of the stream was defended in the last six miles of its course by four strong castles, still in almost perfect preservation. On account of its isolated position a former visitor and superior used to compare Ross Errilly to the Thebaid.

To this he loved to retire, when wearied by the cares of government and distracted by contact with the turmoil of the world, in order to refresh his soul by communion with God and His peaceful servants, as men of old left the broils of Alexandria and sought a retreat among the solitaires of Egyptian Thebes.

Just 540 years ago the monastery was erected by some chieftain, possibly of the de Burgo family, and given up to the Franciscan friars, to pray for the founder, his relatives and his subjects. Later on various additions were made by other benefactors. In 1572, a wide causeway of 200 paces in length was constructed by the Provincial of the Irish Franciscans, Father Ferrall MacEgan, to connect the enclosure with the Headford and Cong turnpike. Its remains are still clearly discernible.

The first illustration shows the ruins as they appear from the south: only the church and its additions can be seen. The cloister, chapter-house, dormitory, refectory, library, kitchen, etc., are hidden from view. The church, 128 feet long and $20\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, runs from east to west. The tower, 70 feet high, rises on pointed arches and separates nave and chancel. The gable, on the extreme right of the picture, faces the east and contains a large four-lighted Gothic window, the top of which is just visible above the south wall. The chimney rising beyond the church walls belongs to what is called "Burke Castle," the residence of the superior of the Franciscans, when he chose to make Ross Errilly his abode. The small building near this is a mortuary chapel, and contains a large ash-tree hidden by the wall. The next two gables belong to side chapels, later additions to the church, and intended, probably, as burial places for some noble families of the province. To the left of the picture rises the western end of the

THE CHAPELS, ROSS ABBEY.



church, in which is the entrance. In the foreground is the artist's jaunting-car, awaiting, beneath a tree, the completion of his work for the readers of the MESSENGER.

Passing into the interior by the entrance just mentioned, we have before us in the second engraving the lower portion of the tower through which we can just see a modern tomb occupying the place of the main altar beneath the eastern window. To the left, recessed into the northern wall, but not visible in the picture, is the tomb of the founder. Here it was, if memory serves me right, that we heard Mass on the occasion of my first visit. To the right are the side chapels whose ivied gables, broken by Gothic windows, are a prominent feature in the first picture. The third view gives these chapels more in detail. On the right, as we still stand within the body of the church, is seen the window of the western chapel, through which the clustering ivy breaks and clings tenaciously to the stone-like mortar. Between the arches we can catch a glimpse of the window of the eastern chapel. The deeply-moulded arches between the chapels, and those separating the latter from the church, with mortar still adhering in some places, and in others now removed, after centuries of exposure to wind and weather, are open to view. The little mortuary chapel adjoins exteriorly the ivied corner seen across the tomb in the foreground.

On the floors of these chapels and in the body of the church, huddled together in groups, or scattered singly, according as we could find a dry spot from which the temporary altar was visible, we knelt down to hear Mass, and join the Universal Church in the supplications for the faithful departed. There were not lacking incentives to fervor in our prayers. The celebrant, vested in black, reading in low and solemn tones the appeals of the Spouse of Christ in behalf of her deceased children; the bones of these children beneath us, around us, in some cases above us, cried out to us in the words of the Prophet: *Have pity on me: have pity on me, at least you, my friends.*

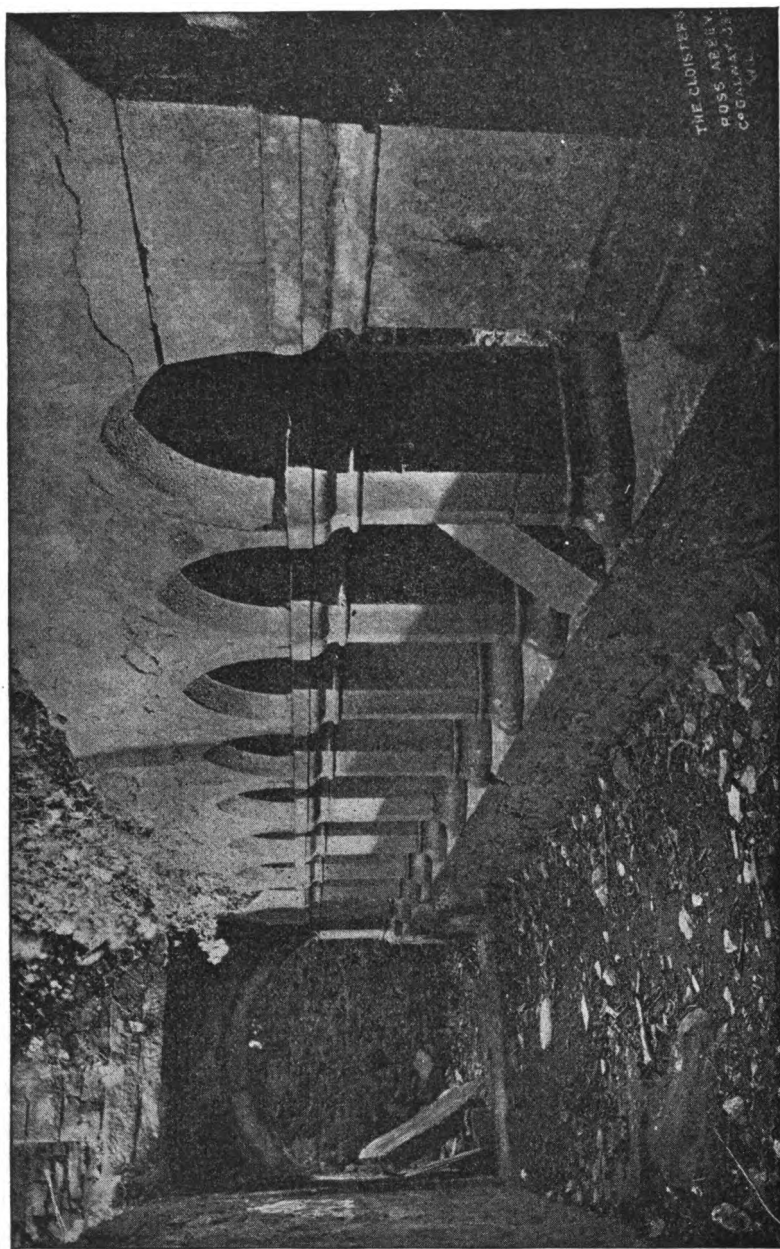
It was something peculiar to Ross that only the interior of the church and chapels was used as a place of burial. Hence the

bodies could not be laid side by side, but one above the other. In course of time the graves became full of bones, so as to make any further burials in the same graves impossible. Whenever, therefore, a funeral took place, after the filling up of the family grave, the bones of previous occupants had to be first removed and placed on one side, or in a corner of the church, or even outside the door. This explains the presence of the heaps of skulls and bones which lay around us. Our pastor, whose care embraced the living and the dead, got permission from the landlord to dig a large grave at the western end of the church, put in hundreds of the bones, and on this morning said Mass for the souls of those just re-consigned to the earth. Many, very many more remained; but at length, I think, he succeeded in removing the scandal of seeing human bones liable to be trodden on by passers-by, or covered with mould and moss in a corner of the church.

Fervent were our prayers in that sacred place, hallowed by the lives and virtues of sons of seraphic St. Francis, though we understood not then the debt we owed those whose bones lay below and about us. "To hell or Connaught" was the brutal sentence of Cromwell, and our ancestors, preferring the latter alternative, escaped the former, it is to be hoped, and transmitted to us the true faith, God's first gift to fallen man. The sacrifice which they made of their goods, and often of life itself, is an eloquent testimony of the value which they set on the things of God, a lesson which shall never, I hope, be lost on their descendants.

When Mass was finished we were permitted to amuse ourselves in examining the ruins, or in playing hide-and-seek among the mazes of the monastery. It was a dangerous game, as one of us found out; for he was lost, and was unable to make his way out, so he sat quietly down to await the next burial. Fortunately, he was missed from the party. A search was made, and the little fellow was discovered lying in a corner, with despair in his heart and tears in his eyes.

No part of the interior or monastic buildings made a more lasting impression on the mind than the view presented in the



THE CLOISTERS
ROSS ABBEY
CO. GALWAY

THE CLOISTERS, ROSS ABBEY.

fourth picture, the Cloister of Ross Abbey. It seems but as yesterday since I was chased, or chased others, through its symmetrical arches, since with others I tried to fill with my knee the round cavity made in the large stone in the third arch by a holy friar at his prayers. Go where you would, up or down, in or out, east or west, you were sure, after a few turns, to find yourself once more in sight of its massive and well-carved stones.

Many were the legends which the older boys had to tell about the Abbey, its occupants and its ruin. Chief among them was the story of the bell torn from the tower by the soldiers and cast into the river hard by, and how every seven years its silvery notes are heard calling the friars to prayer. They no longer respond to its call on earth, to bring blessings on their benefactors ; but certain it is that they respond to other and higher calls to pray for those who gather about the spot which they have sanctified by their lives. And their prayers before the throne of God are surely heard. For though rich in the goods of this world we may not be, of what avail are such riches beyond the grave ? Yet in God's own riches sent down from heaven, the treasures of faith and hope and charity, those who were reared amid the influences and traditions of Ross Errilly, the Thebaid of Galway, are singularly blessed.

These riches they have carried away with them from its hallowed ruins and have developed and displayed in many a clime from Boston of New England to Invercargill of New Zealand. God grant that they may transmit to their sons the virtues they have inherited from their sires ! May they impress upon the minds of their children while yet young and docile that not pride and pomp and power, riches and fashion constitute true greatness ; but that he or she is truly great and good, who, keeping the heart detached from the world, its goods and its vanities, strives to approach, in sympathy and in fact, the Ideal of all greatness and goodness, Who said to His followers : *Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of HEART.*

DONA FELIPPA.¹

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF COLUMBUS.

By Francis T. Furey.

I. DREAMING.



ITTING close by the ocean's shore, Christopher Columbus looked out over the rising waves. With its last rays the setting sun was gilding the church towers and bastions of Lisbon and the emblazoned masts of the ships anchored at the mouth of the Tagus. The far-off bustle of the town and of the harbor, the concordant hum of the sea and the murmur of the dying breeze, were mingled with the airy sounds of a multitude of birds that, soaring aloft and circulating in immense flocks, seemed desirous of reaching the region of the clouds, so that they could the longer enjoy the pleasure of gazing at the sun.

Christopher Columbus' young wife, Dona Felippa de Perestrello, and their son Diego were disporting themselves along the beach, gathering rose-colored sea-weed and pearl-lined shells. The wife and mother, seeing that the day was fast waning, approached her husband and thus timidly accosted him :

"My dear, Diego is becoming drowsy ; is it not time to return home?"

"I think it is," he replied.

He arose and started off, his head bowed and his mind absorbed in thought.

Felippa followed, holding her son by the hand. Ere long the child's pace became slower, and turning to his mother he held up his tiny arms and thus addressed her :

"Mamma, carry me!"

She picked him up ; but Diego was three years old and his mother was quite delicate ; and, while she thus walked along under

¹ Adapted from Madame Julie O. Lavergne.

difficulties, her husband, who had gradually hastened his speed, was soon out of sight, the road they were following being a winding and shaded one.

In the throng of people who had taken advantage of this fine evening to walk out into the country was a peasant woman of large build, good constitution and handsome countenance.

On seeing Dona Felippa she exclaimed: "Ah! is it you, alone, without your maid, and carrying that big boy? Give him to me at once; he is too heavy for you. Shame on you, my little man, for thus tiring your mamma!"

"He is asleep," said the mother. "My husband, as usual, forgot himself at sight of the ocean; but you have come just in time, Antonia; I feel quite weary."

She surrendered Diego to the woman, and Antonia exclaimed as she folded in her arms the future viceroy of the Indies:

"How pretty he is! He looks like the Infant Jesus carried by the St. Christopher of our parish. Let us away, madam; take my arm and hurry along; the night is coming on. But where is Sir Columbus?"

"He has gone ahead," replied Felippa; "he is often thus absent-minded."

"Every one who knows him knows that," said Antonia; "all these sailors while on land are like fish out of water. You wouldn't catch me marrying a sea-faring man! Commend me to a gardener like my Bartholomew. He hardly ever leaves our garden, and whenever we try to get him out of it he seems to feel as if we were tearing him up by the roots."

Scarcely had Dona Felippa and Antonia resumed their journey when they saw Christopher Columbus retrace his steps almost at a canter.

"I beg your pardon, my dear," he said to his wife; "it seems I walked too fast for you. Give me my son, Antonia," he said, turning to the gardener's wife.

"No, indeed, sir," she answered; "your house is on my way. I am going to carry the child to its grandmother. Take Dona Felippa's arm, for the poor lady needs your assistance."

And hastening her pace, she walked ahead. Columbus offered his arm to his young wife, and they went on for some time in silence.

Christopher Columbus, then about thirty-eight years old, had already seen much of the sea. His tall and commanding stature, his expressive, noble and serious countenance, inspired respect; and this son of a poor Genoese artisan, this mariner returned to civic life and, earning his livelihood by making geographical charts, bore over his whole person the stamp of the old-time nobility of his family and the indelible mark of genius. And so, poor though he was, he had won the hand of a daughter of the nobility, not very rich, indeed, but so beautiful and so amiable that she might well aspire to a more advantageous marriage.

Felippa de Perestrello, then about twenty years old, was small and pleasing. Her long black hair would have easily enveloped her whole person, and her pale countenance was rarely illumined with a smile. She was passionately fond of her husband, and satisfied to be with him under her mother's humble roof, her only wish being to see him appreciate this humble happiness. But his unceasing reveries and distractions, the hours that he spent alone in his study, engaged in labors that she did not understand, made Felippa sad. Having no intellectual sympathy with her husband, she was racked with jealousy of the subject of his reflections. She had a vague feeling that, whilst living in a most affectionate union with him, his thoughts were often removed to an immeasurable distance from hers.

"My dear," she said to him while they walked on, "what were you thinking of this afternoon on the seashore?"

"Of distant countries," said Columbus, "of great plans, my dear Felippa, that I will tell you of later on."

"I hope at least," she rejoined, "that you are not thinking of Porto Santo, that miserable island of which I have grown so tired, where I came so near dying—where my father lost all he had. Think of every other country in the world, if you will, but not of that. And only think of them, I entreat you, but not of visiting them. Providence has, as it were, led you hither by

the hand. We are happy and contented. Spend the rest of your life at Lisbon."

"What, Felippa? Live here always? It were rather tedious. I would like to visit my native land, and bring you with me. You will see Genoa the Proud, Felippa, the city of marble palaces, of terraces covered with orange and palm trees, and that Mediterranean which no tide disturbs and whose azure waves caress flower-clad shores. My old father would be delighted to see you and to bless our child."

"Ah!" said Felippa sadly, "it is not the way to Italy that I see you trace on your large maps, when your compass is extended over the ocean. You are always looking towards the setting sun. Most certainly you are concealing from me some terrible mystery."

They had now entered the city gate and, having traversed several crooked and hilly streets, they arrived at the old Moorish house in which they dwelt, and which was situated in the upper part of the city, at about five minutes' walk from the church dedicated under the name of our Blessed Saviour. It was now night. Bright stars in the heavens and lighted lamps before the Madonnas on the squares guided the footsteps of the belated travellers. Those of the inhabitants who had returned home were enjoying the fresh air on the terraces, or supper inside their dwellings. The curfew-knell had been tolled from the towers of the many convents and churches of the city; and some notes from the guitar, as well as some indistinct songs, the last reports from a city about to recline in the arms of Morpheus, were mingled with the distinct murmur of river and of sea.

Dona Maria Dolores de Perestrello, seated in a spacious arched chamber on the ground floor, was working with her spindle and distaff while waiting for her children. The light of a lamp showed her noble and melancholy countenance, and her widow's raiment gave her almost the appearance of a nun. A black hound, quite handsome, though very old, lay at Dona Maria's feet, and, hanging on the wall, the weapons and escutcheon of the late Dom Bartholomew de Perestrello testified to the character of

the former masters of the house. A young servant-girl was setting the table on which she had just placed the salads, eggs and fruits that were to make the evening meal.

"Dona Felippa is rather late," said Dona Maria. "Is there any fresh water on hand, Nina?"

"It is on the ice, your ladyship, and the grapes and figs were gathered this morning. His lordship will be satisfied. He is certainly coming. See how Nero wags his tail. I am going to open the door."

Nero had got up, and was already on his way to meet his master and mistress. No sooner had he met and caressed them than he returned and lay down at Dona Maria's feet. When Columbus and Felippa came in they hastened to kiss the mother's hand.

"Dear mother," said Felippa, "where, prithee, is Diego?"

"In bed, darling. Antonia brought him to me so sound asleep, that we undressed him without his getting awake. But where have you been, my children, that you are so late returning home?"

"Is it necessary to ask?" said Felippa. "To the seashore, of course. My husband is happy only when the waves are washing his feet."

"Such, Felippa, was your father's disposition. But, children, it is time for supper."

They recited the *Benedicite* and sat down at table. Columbus made several attempts to take part in the conversation, but his thoughts were so pre-engaged that his remarks were always out of place. At last he lapsed into a profound reverie, and, holding his glass of water in his hand, maintained the attitude of a listener. His two companions looked at him in silence, and Nina felt such an irresistible temptation to laugh that she fled to the kitchen.

Suddenly Columbus said: "I would . . . oh, God! I would . . ."

"What?" asked Felippa.

"Oh! that I had money!" exclaimed Columbus, "mountains

of gold, the whole of Ophir, that I might redeem Your Sepulchre, O Lord Jesus! And well You know it is not for my own sake I want it."

"Money!" exclaimed Dona Maria. "A Spaniard would not speak thus, my lord. It is with the sword that the conquest of the Holy Sepulchre must be made."

"Yes, mother. But to arm the knights, to freight their vessels, money is indispensable; and I know where I must go in order to get this money."

"Alas!" said Dona Maria, "where is the use of going afar off in search of it? It may be had anywhere by those who know how to work for it. The virgin soil, the parchment sheet, the pliant wax, the lint on my distaff will produce it, if worked by skilful and industrious hands. Do not then keep ever dreaming, my son, and now retire to rest so as to be fit for work to-morrow. The curfew has long since been rung. Let us say our prayers. Nina, come hither."

Masters and servants prayed together; the matron of the family blessed her children, and ere long the house was still with the silence of sleep.

As soon as he found Dona Felippa deep in slumber, Columbus again donned his clothes, and without making the least noise went out on the upper balcony and looked into the heavens.

It was a calm, moonless night. The stars shone in full splendor. Columbus long studied their course towards the west. Their appearance and the deep azure of the heavens so charmed his senses that he thought he heard the celestial choir sing in the infinite space where God has scattered suns like sands on the sea-shore. Then Christopher Columbus' eyes became fixed on the motionless star that marks the pole, and from his lips he let this prayer escape:

"Queen of heaven, protect and guide me! Grant that I may see my native country, that I may give it glory, power and wealth, redeem Sion from captivity, place Italy in the front rank among the nations, carry the cross of Christ to that unknown world whose inhabitants, seated in the shadow of death, have for such long

ages been expecting the light of the Gospel. Star of ocean, guide me to the new world !”

He prayed long, and, when the early dawn was dimming the stars, Columbus returned into the house, and the rising sun found him working on a map of the world that he was making for the reigning king of Portugal, Alfonso V.

II. AWAKENING.

When the bells rang for seven o'clock Mass, Dona Maria Dolores, Dona Felippa and Christopher Columbus betook themselves to the church of our Blessed Saviour, as was their custom. They observed that there were more persons than usual about the portal. A few idlers and about a score of children were staring at a white-bearded man who was superintending the erection of a scaffold in front of the colossal statue of St. Christopher, standing at the right of the entrance. Columbus, recognizing the man, thus accosted him :

“Sir Girolamo,” he asked, “has any accident befallen the statue of my patron Saint?”

“None whatever, sir ; but it needs to be painted and gilt anew. The sea air soon destroys the colors, and this is the third time during my life that I have been obliged to have this work done. From father to son we take care of this statue, which was erected in 1195 by my grandfather’s grandfather’s great-grandfather, by order of King Alfonso I. If you want to get a close view of St. Christopher, the scaffolding will be finished in a quarter of an hour.”

“Thank you, sir : I will come back.”

After Mass, Columbus escorted his wife and his mother-in-law to their door. Then, addressing them, he said :

“With your permission, ladies, I will go and see Sir Girolamo at work.”

The scaffolding was finished and the painter was at his task. Columbus ascended near him to examine the colossal head of St. Christopher’s statue.

“A masterpiece, is it not, sir ?” said the aged artist, removing

with a dry brush the dust that had collected in the statue's stone beard.

"Yes, indeed, it is a beautiful St. Christopher; but tell me, sir, what this is that the Infant Jesus is holding in his hand?"

"That globe? You know it better than I do, Sir Columbus. That globe is the world."

"And why represent it thus, Sir Girolamo, since many learned men still hold that the earth is flat and surrounded by a dark and endless sea?"

"I am not a learned man, Sir Columbus; but I know that from father to son, for over three centuries, we have been thus representing St. Christopher. He is supposed to say to the Child he is carrying: 'You are as heavy as the world, my little fellow,' and the Child replies: 'Do not wonder if it be so, Christopher, for you are carrying Him Who has made the world.' Now, those who cannot read may understand—we put the world in the hand of the Infant Jesus."

"Ah, indeed! but why in the shape of a globe?"

"Well! what form would you give it, sir? It has ever been thus represented. In certain paintings I have seen this globe assigned to God as an attribute of creation, and to Charlemagne as a mark of imperial power. The learned will have a fine time in proving to us that the earth is flat when they shall have explained to us why the magnetized needle always points toward the north. Do not speak to me of the learned, Sir Columbus; they neither create nor foretell anything. Artists are much better inspired than they. Do you not think so?"

"I will bear in mind what you say, sir, especially as my views are entirely favorable to the artists. Yes, the earth is round. Its known lands occupy one of its hemispheres, but as for the other hemisphere, the other half, is it credible that God has covered it only with an immense sea? Do you think that it contains no inhabited lands and that the stars shine on nothing there but waves?"

The old painter reflected for a moment. "Perhaps not," he said. "But do you not see, Sir Columbus, that man is the master-

piece of creation, and that what is most beautiful in man is his head? Now the countenance, through which intelligence is made manifest, is only one-half of it. And it would not be at all astonishing to see one hemisphere covered by the ocean, just as we see a fine crop of hair grow on the side of the head opposite to that from which the eyes shine."

On returning home Dona Felippa complained to her mother. "See," she said, "how my husband leaves me to go and chat with Girolamo and look at that great St. Christopher that he has seen a thousand times. And yet he knows that I am happy only when I have him by my side."

"Darling," said Dolores, "it is not necessary for you to be happy in order to work out your salvation; but you cannot do so unless you please your husband. Columbus is a holy man, and he loves you; but you must not imagine that he should have a woman's heart, for to her affection is natural. His intellect is far superior to yours; he has plans and dreams that occupy him day and night. If these concerns draw him aside from his duties, you have reason to complain. But he lives as a good Christian should live, industrious and charitable to his neighbor. Thank God, and remember that woman was created to be man's help-mate, and not his idol. Think of our Queen, our Mother Mary. Our Divine Lord, her son, left her to preach the Gospel to His people. She waited outside of Simeon's house, lost in the crowd, happy when she could see Jesus from afar off. She uttered no word of complaint and, standing at the foot of the Cross, consummated her sacrifice. Every man has a mission to perform in this world. Your husband, my child, has his. You will know it later on. Yours is to follow him, but never to utter a word of complaint."

"Yes," said Felippa, "this, mother, is the way you have ever acted; I know it. My father was ruined by going on voyages of discovery, embarking in imprudent undertakings; and you made no effort to keep him at home?"

"So, so, darling; I tried. While young, we are ever tempted to revolt against our destiny. But I soon found out that I was

struggling in vain. A quiet and uneventful life would have made your father unhappy. To die of weariness is falling a victim to too mean a weapon."

"Grandma, mamma," cried Diego, running towards them, all radiant with joy, "come and see the beautiful flowers that Antonia has brought me; and see! she has given a fish, and a great big one, all to my own self!"

"Did you thank her, Diego?" said Dona Felippa.

"Oh! yes, ma'am; and he embraced me, the dear little angel! If I only had half a dozen children like him, wouldn't I be happy? But I, poor creature that I am, am the only barren plant in our garden!"

When Columbus returned he found his work-table adorned and scented with freshly-gathered orange-blossoms and roses. He was passionately fond of perfumes; and so he thanked Dona Felippa for having so graciously decorated his desk. She thus addressed him:

"My dear, if you also want to give me pleasure, tell me, I entreat you, what you had to say to that old man Girolamo on his scaffolding."

Columbus told her candidly. She listened to him without a single interruption, as was her wont, and when he had finished she began to question him. Quite pleased at seeing how serious and attentive she was, Columbus, removing the flowers, explained to her the map of the world that he had drawn, told her of his voyages and his hopes; and for the first time Felippa realized, in the look of her husband's eyes and in the ardor of his words, the ideal that he was following, the world foreshadowed by his genius. Her hands clasped together, she listened to him admiringly.

"My dear," she said to him when he had finished, "I will pray to God, asking Him, if He has not created this land that you wish to discover, that He will make it rise out of the waves for love of you!"

The winter was spent peacefully. At the time of the equinoctial tides, Columbus returned one day from the royal palace,

carrying in his hand a large reed of a kind unknown in Portugal.

"See, dear mother," he said to Dona Maria, "the king has made me a present of this reed, which was washed up by the sea on the shore of the Azores. It did not seem to have been very long in the water, and, you know, for a month past the wind has been blowing violently from the west. This reed must have come a good part of the way around the world, and from Greater India."

"Or rather from the African coast," interposed Dona Maria. "Sometimes, my son, the ocean-currents overcome the force of the wind. Pedro Correa once told me that he saw on the beach in the Azores a piece of delicately carved wood, and that the west wind had carried it thither. But that proves nothing; for that piece of wood had probably belonged to a vessel lost on the high seas."

"True," said Columbus. "But, mother, pray let me have Dom Perestrello's notes and journal."

"Alas! my son, I will do so, whatever it may cost me."

"Dearest mother, you may depend on it that I will be as careful of them as I would be of precious relics."

"I know it, my son; but I will have to touch them, I—and I have never yet since his death been able to summon up the courage to do so."

She went to her room, knelt before her crucifix, and, rising after having said a fervent prayer, took one of the keys hanging by her side and opened her marriage-chest. Her wedding garments and those of her husband, carefully wrapped and perfumed, were therein packed, as well as parchments held together by a black ribbon, and, attached thereto by a silk string and a seal with a coat-of-arms, the journal of Dom Bartholomew Moguis de Perestrello's voyages.

These light articles, this baggage that a child might easily carry, and that the flames would destroy in a few minutes, were the only tangible traces of twenty-five years' labors, cares and Christian affections—feast-days, hours of anguish, embarkings,

returns, shattered hopes, parting farewells, passed rapidly through the widow's mind. It seemed to her as if all the sorrows of her life were revived, and it was poor Maria's turn to be overwhelmed by them. She hesitated for a moment, prompted to close the box again. Then she said in an undertone :

"No ; I must keep my promise. Who knows ? Columbus is seized with the passion for voyaging ; perhaps, on reading these pages, he will understand what my husband and I have gained by a wandering life and ambitious projects,—how we were brought to grief and ruin ; perhaps he will decide to remain at home, as Felippa so much desires him to do. Here they can be so happy !"

And, taking the bundle of yellow papers, she bore it in silence to her son-in-law.

III. THE LAND BEYOND SEAS.

Some time afterwards Christopher Columbus received a letter from Florence, one that he had been anxiously expecting. It was a reply from Paolo Toscanelli, Dr. Paul, as he was called, a famous scholar whose opinion was law among all those who dabbled in cosmography. Toscanelli, to whom Columbus had communicated his project of going in search of a western continent, far from regarding his scheme as chimerical, encouraged him to carry it out to the end. From that time on Columbus was bent on going to Italy, for the purpose of inducing the Senate of Genoa to furnish him with the vessels he needed. But Dona Felippa's health prevented him from carrying out his plan, and he could not make up his mind to leave her behind. For some time past she had been languid and low-spirited ; yet the physicians could not find that she was suffering from any particular disease.

"These doctors know nothing," said Antonia. "It is a disease to have no appetite, or strength, or spirits, and to melt away like wax, and certainly there should be a remedy for that."

The good soul was at her wits' end to devise some means of amusing Dona Felippa. Every day she would bring her the finest fruits in her garden ; and as on her way she met many persons of her acquaintance, she gathered up all the news of the

town, and when she came related it to the young sufferer, recompensed in happiness when she got a smile or an exclamation of surprise from Dona Felippa. Ordinarily Antonia's stories were of quite a lively character, and little Diego took pleasure in them ; but one morning the gardener's wife came with reddened eyes and pale cheeks.

"Oh ! God forgive me, Antonia !" said Nina. "Has your husband beaten you ?"

"He is not so base," replied Antonia, "but I have seen Inigo Nunez's widow and little children, and the sight melted my heart." And with the haste and unconscious cruelty characteristic of some good people in spreading bad news, she at once told Dona Felippa of Nunez's death.

"Ah ! what a misfortune !" she said ; "such a fine young man, so good, so handsome, so loved by his wife and mother ! And the father of four pretty cherubs of children ! He was returning from Madeira, his vessel bearing a rich cargo, contented, happy as a king. His bark was in sight of land ; his mother, his little children, his friends were running to meet him, and seeing him, called to him. He jumped into a boat to reach shore the sooner, but a wave caught his craft, and he fell into the sea ; then a sailor threw him an oar, but its blade struck him on the head, and he disappeared. Ah ! what martyrs these seamen's wives are ! Never, madam, let your husband go to sea again ! But what is the matter with you ?"

Felippa, pale as death, had arisen, and was walking towards her husband's cabinet ; but she stumbled and fell in a faint. Nina ran to her, and whilst aiding her mistress did not fail to grumble thus against Antonia :

"How foolish you are," she said to her, "to tell such things to her ladyship ! Do you not know that her husband is going to set sail in a week ?"

"Why should she not be told ?" exclaimed the gardener's wife. "A fig for your mysteries !"

"And a fig for your tongue !" replied Nina. "But see, my lady is opening her eyes. God be praised ! Go for the doctor, I beg of you, Antonia."

"Yes, without delay," said Antonia. "Ah! I will never again be so ready with my tongue. God help me!" she exclaimed as she hastened away.

When Columbus and Dona Maria returned from Mass they found the physician engaged in bleeding Dona Felippa, who was delirious and crying like a child, saying:

"Mamma, mamma, I don't want him to leave!"

In a few days she was at the point of death. At her mother's solicitation she received the last Sacraments with great composure and resignation. The excitement of the fever was followed by a decided reaction. When evening came she begged to be placed in an arm-chair, near a high window, from which she could see the ocean and the last rays of the setting sun. She asked her mother to adjust her hair and put on the lace veil she had worn on her marriage day. A large shawl of African make covered her shoulders and extended down to her knees.

"Mother," she said, "forgive me! I would like to be alone with my husband for a moment."

Dona Maria led out Diego, and the woman aiding in taking care of the patient followed.

"Grandma," said the little child to her, "mamma is not going to die?"

"Beg of God that He may cure her, my child," said the poor grandmother; and the long-pent-up tears flowed bitterly.

Christopher Columbus, pale and distracted, knelt beside Felippa. She looked at him in silence for a moment, and then reached out her hand.

"My dear," she said, "you have made me happy, and I thank you. Yet I go from this world without a regret, for it would grieve me too much to have to part with you in life, and I could not follow whither you think of going. I have confidence in God's mercy, and the shortcomings of my brief existence will be effaced by the merits of Jesus crucified. If hereafter you think of giving Diego a second mother, do not think of doing so without consulting mine. And in the meantime she will take care of your child. I know you will forget me."

"No, never!" exclaimed Columbus weeping. "Never will I forget you, Felippa—you, my first love, you, my boy's mother!"

"Very good," she resumed with an effort, "if you cannot forget me, at least think of me only with pleasure, as of a friend who awaits you in the land beyond the sea. You once spoke to me of sovereignty, of a crown. 'I want to make my Dona Felippa vice-regentess of the West Indies,' you said. The crown promised to me in heaven is the only one that I will wear. But in comparison with it, those of earth are as nothing. Farewell, Columbus. Now free, you are going to pursue your way, to discover a world. I *know* that you will succeed. A distant and accurate insight into things is given to the dying. I will not forget you. God has granted me the favor of being near you when your eyes first behold the land that is promised you, that awaits you there beyond!" And with her dying hand she pointed to the waves and the western horizon.

These were her last words. At two o'clock in the morning she calmly breathed her last, and her father's tomb, in the church of our Blessed Saviour, received Dona Felippa's frail remains.

A few weeks later Christopher Columbus left Portugal and began those painful journeys, those fruitless efforts that were to fill up fifteen years of his life, until Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castille sent him forth to find a world.

IV. FELIPPA'S PROMISE.

On Thursday, October 11, 1492, Columbus' three caravels, the *Pinta*, the *Niña*, and the *Santa Maria*, scudding before a strong breeze, pushed rapidly towards the west; but the men on board, having seen only sky and water for two months past, had their store of patience and of courage exhausted. That very day a mutiny broke out. The *Pinta* and the *Niña* came up alongside the Admiral's vessel, and Columbus had to face alone the three united crews of furious men, who demanded in loud tones that they should be permitted to return to Spain. The revolt lasted all day, and every means was taken to intimidate Christo-

pher Columbus ; but insults, entreaties, menaces, drawn blades, tears and wrath had no effect on him.

"You may kill me," he said, "but you cannot make me retrace my course."

The evening came. "Let each man return to his post," said Columbus. "Set to praying. This very night we will reach sight of land. Go."

These men, conquered by his constancy, obeyed. Ere long the sailors were again at their work in silence. The moon rose resplendent. This tropical night was bright as is day in the far North. A strong current carried the vessels towards the west. The *Pinta*, a swift craft, ploughed ahead. At midnight the Admiral ordered sails down. The phosphorescent sea rivaled the starry heavens in splendor.

Christopher Columbus, standing in front, was engaged in prayer. The day that would soon dawn was the anniversary of Felippa's death. It was at two o'clock in the morning that she died, sixteen years before. He remembered her last promise.

"Felippa," he said in an undertone, "think of me in that heavenly country whose shore your bark has so long since reached ! Pray that I may reach the shore of the New World."

It was two o'clock. Suddenly he became conscious of a delicious perfume and saw glide in front of him a large butterfly as white as snow. Its wings glistened like satin in the moonlight. The airy messenger flew around jauntily in front of Christopher Columbus, then, taking its flight towards the west, disappeared. At the same instant a light flashed on board of the *Pinta*, and the report of a cannon-shot was heard.

"Land ! land !" the sailors exclaimed.

Columbus fell on his knees and intoned the *Te Deum*.

At sunrise he planted Christ's standard on the shore of the New World, which he took possession of in the name of their Catholic Majesties, Ferdinand and Isabella.

And to this newly-discovered land Christopher Columbus gave the name of *San Salvador*, in honor of Jesus Christ and in memory of the church in which Dona Felippa lay buried.

THOUGHTS ABOUT ST. PETER.

IV.



PETER'S complete conversion was the first visible triumph won by the Redeemer's merits during the time of His Sacred Passion. And the conquest was made all the more plainly visible by the conduct of the sorrow-stricken man, when the merciful look of Jesus had brought him to himself by awakening him to a consciousness of his guilt. *And Peter*, says the Evangelist, *going out wept bitterly*,¹ moved to the very depth of his soul by that spirit of compunction which abode with him forevermore through life. "He sinned once and bewailed it always."²

Now, over and above the seasonableness of this conversion, to which allusion was made in the MESSENGER for September, we must remember that it was the fulfilment of a prophecy and the result of an efficacious prayer. For, on that blessed night when our Lord had instituted the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, and was speaking to His Disciples of the Kingdom over which He was to establish them as rulers, He said, in very pathetic strain : *Simon, Simon, behold satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat ! But I have prayed for THEE that THY faith fail not ; and THOU being once converted, confirm thy brethren.*³ The obvious meaning of these words, in the language used by St. Luke, namely the Greek, is such as to furnish conclusive evidence of Peter's great commission to teach and to confirm the others in all that belongs to faith. The Latin text gives plain testimony to the same effect. But in the English, the meaning is not brought out so unmistakably, because of the ready interchange of *you* and *thou*, when addressing one person. Wherefore, in the English version, the text can mean that all the words were addressed to

¹ St. Luke, xxii. 62.

² St. Augustine.

³ St. Luke, xxii. 31.

Peter alone: although none but a very undiscerning reader could fail to be impressed by the sudden transition from the plural to the singular. Anyhow, it is a comfort to know that a sound argument cannot be built upon an ambiguity of the English Testament; so long as we have the original text stating the matter plainly and beyond the possibility of being misunderstood by an intelligent reader or an honest critic. This it does most forcibly in the present case.

Addressing all the Apostles through Peter, the Lord tells them of the eagerness with which the evil one was striving to crush them and render them unfit for the work of mercy and love marked out for them. All of them were to be sorely tried and assailed by the manifold and ever-changing strategy of the enemy; but for one of them the Master Himself asked the gift of unfailling faith, so that he might become the mainstay of the others. This he was to do by authoritative declaration of God's *truth* and God's *law*, whenever a need for such declaration should arise. It is precisely what we state, in language somewhat more technical, when we say that Peter was made an infallible teacher in faith and morals—infallible interpreter of God's truth and expounder of God's law. And all this, not because of his own merits or intelligence or steadfastness of purpose—for in all these he was inferior to many of the others—but because Jesus chose him and established him and prayed efficaciously for him. He was even to fall into sin, but he was to arise again and, *once converted*, to *confirm the brethren*.

Besides the sublime endowment of official infallibility conferred upon Peter, he received also solemn confirmation in the office of Supreme Pastor. The promises which had been made to him—*I will give to thee*, etc.; *On this rock I will build*, etc.—were fulfilled. Nor is there a single word said by our Blessed Lord to imply that He even remembered the sin for which the repentant Disciple wept so bitterly. True, commentators see in the triple question: *Simon, lovest thou Me?* an allusion to the three denials in the house of the high-priest. But, if there be such allusion, it is safe to say that a grave admonition never wore a gentler guise.

Not only to Peter, but also to the rest of the Disciples, it must have seemed a splendid showing forth of the infinite tenderness of divine mercy! The Rock had not been cleft: the Master of the household was not to be deprived of his keys. The commission of the Chief Pastor was ratified by the charge to feed both lambs and sheep—that is, the *whole flock* of the Good Shepherd.

In that text of St. Matthew where *indefectibility* is promised as a portion of the Church's dowry, Peter is declared to be the Rock upon which she is to be built. And he is assured that *the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*⁴ Now, it seems to me that if I were called upon, in this nineteenth century, to read the New Testament "without note or comment," I should be sorely puzzled to know what is meant by the assurance that *gates*, however vigorously they may attack, shall never win the victory. What strange phantasms should flit across my imagination of high gates rushing onward in deadly assault! And the Gates of Hell? Are they horizontal or perpendicular? Is their onslaught to be like a nineteenth-century torpedo-boat or monitor, keeping low down towards the surface and striking at the foundation? Or must they stand erect like lofty towers, and, falling down, batter the edifice from above? How could I answer these questions if I were doomed to work out the solution by my own unaided perusal?

"But," queries an advocate of private judgment, "is it not as easy for you to understand as it was for an unlettered man like St. Peter, when he heard the words first uttered?" Not altogether. First because there have been eighteen hundred years of changes in the customs of mankind. Secondly, because in St. Peter's day, and in the common language of the people, the picture presented to the imagination by the word *gates* offered no difficulty whatever. The truth conveyed by it was easily and clearly understood. For in the olden time it was the custom to have walls encircling a city; and in these walls the gates of egress or ingress were very prominent features of their architecture. They were sometimes highly ornamented, and not unfrequently flanked by towers. Through them the armies marched forth to sub-

⁴ St. Matthew, xvi. 18.

due the enemy ; unto them, also, was brought the merchandise from afar. In this way the gates became the "grand stand" for the march-past of the warriors and, at the same time, the chief market-places for the exhibition and purchase of wares. And, as army movements and aims are of interest to all true patriots, the wise men, the statesmen, the men with large interests at stake were accustomed to assemble at the gates to hold counsel about the projects which were hatched and the enterprises which were undertaken. And again, as mercantile barter can scarcely be carried on without disputes arising from the collision of interests, it grew to be a custom to have judges present at the gates to arbitrate and decide in matters wherein the rights of purveyor and purchaser might clash. Thus, we have in the gates the central point of the city's or the nation's strength, welfare, commerce, justice and judgment.

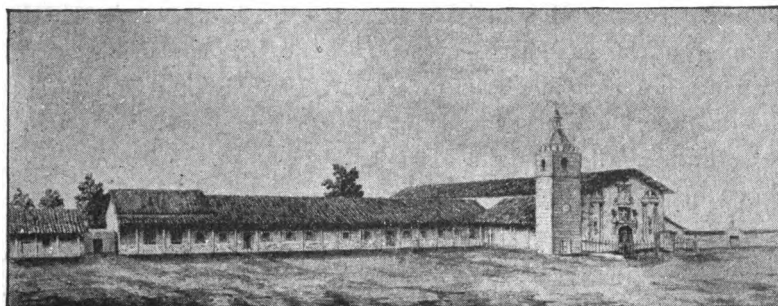
In old Homer's lay we find the beautiful Helen described when she went forth to witness the combat between Menelaus and Paris. She passed through the Scæan Gate where "the elders of the people" had assembled. And he tells, in rhythmic numbers, of the comments passed upon her by "the nobles of the Trojan race who in the tower sat."⁵ Elders and nobles, lords and commons, senators and representatives were there! Was not the custom prevailing at Troy very like a carrying-out of the ordinance we find in Deuteronomy: *Thou shalt appoint judges and magistrates in all thy GATES?*⁶ It was there they were wont to assemble ; and, in regard to the culprit, it was enacted: *They shall take him and bring him to the ancients of his city and to the GATE of judgment.*⁷ Furthermore, when in Holy Writ the virtues of the valiant woman are so admirably itemized, it is plainly stated how her reflected spendor shall shine forth to the great advantage of her husband. And how is the gleam of that glory to be recognized? *Her husband is honorable in the GATES, when he sitteth among the senators of the land.*⁸ Thus it becomes apparent that the *Gates* represented the power, the plans, the policy, the strategy, the whole strength of a city or of a kingdom. Hence, when our Lord says: *The gates of hell shall not prevail*

⁵ Book iii. 145.⁶ xvi. 18.⁷ Ibid., xxi. 19.⁸ Proverbs, xxxi. 31.

against it, He means that neither by open violence nor by hidden ambush—not by heresy or schism or treason—not by wiles or treachery—not by any aid or resource to which the powers of hell may resort, shall they be able to destroy that Church built upon Peter which He, the Lord Himself, has made indestructible.

Here it might very reasonably be asked why it is that, in our modern times, we have no vestige left of the great importance and the wide significance of the word *Gates*, as we have been considering it? Here, also, it may be answered that, by special providence, we have just what we need for full illustration of our argument. The enactments of the "Sublime Porte" are the decisions of the Ottoman Empire. The *Porte* means the Gate; and the gravest decisions of Islamism, the policy of the Grand Turk, the State papers of Constantinople, when sealed with the great seal and promulgated to the other powers as the ultimatum of the Sublime Porte, may be read, by one who understands the meaning of the words, as simply stating: "Thus we have decided in our Gates." Not that the Musselmans have kept up a distinction from other nations in regard to their Legislature or Executive, but merely that the name *Porte*, or *Gate*, has been by special providence preserved to prove that it means the whole strength of an empire or kingdom, however it may be applied.

Dear old St. Peter! I must part with you now. I have not spared your shortcomings nor exaggerated your glorious endowments. You stand, next to the Holy Family, as the central figure of the New Dispensation, the authorized spokesman and Vicar of Jesus Christ, since He ascended from earth to heaven. In you our Lord seems to have chosen to give a portrait of a good natural temperament, a genuine human character, undergoing supernatural training. There were, it is true, some mishaps during the process; but every fault or failing seems to have sprung rather from an excess of natural good-heartedness than from a want of it. The divine, at last, conquered the human, not by destroying, but by perfecting it. From the happy abode whither the love of Jesus has brought you, look upon us sinful members of your flock, O great St. Peter; and pray for us.



MISSION SANTA CLARA.

ONE MISSION'S HISTORY.

MISSION SANTA CLARA, CAL., FOUNDED JANUARY 12, 1777.

By George O'Connell, S.J.



FROM the story of one of the California Missions the history of all can be broadly portrayed. The character of the Indians, the methods pursued by the Fathers, the glory of their prosperity and the shame and ruin effected by secularization, are the same in every instance. Let us tell briefly to-day the story of the Mission Santa Clara, the eighth to be founded in Upper California, and the one perhaps where the traditions are best preserved. Its founder was Father Thomas de la Peña. He set up his cross on the banks of the Guadalupe on the 12th of January, 1777.

I.

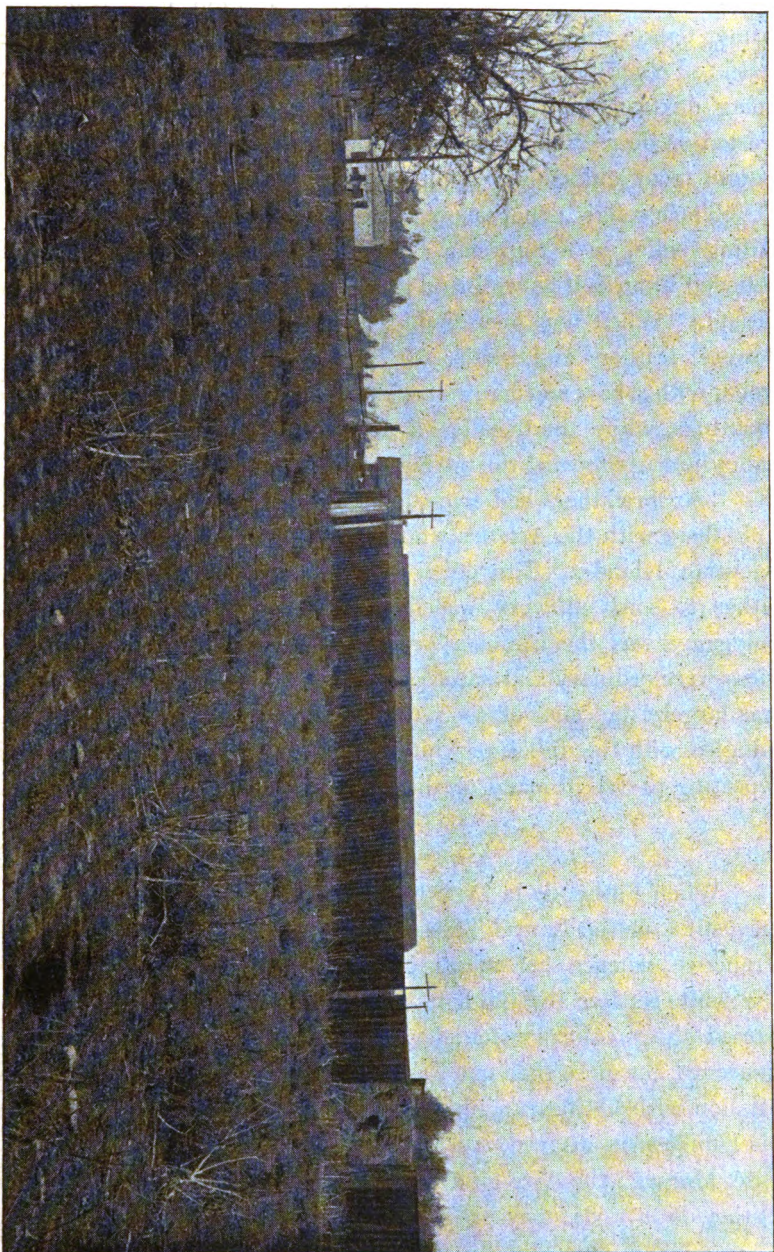
The great Father Junipero Serra had taken up the chain of the California Missions where the Jesuits had been compelled to abandon it at the time of their sudden and cruel suppression by the Spanish monarch. Salvatierra, the Jesuit, had begun his work near Cape San Lucas in Lower California, and had pushed his line of missions all the way up the forbidding peninsula, till, when he died, he had founded thirteen, and had about entered into the present State of California, or Alta California, as it was then

styled. He found a worthy successor in Junipero Serra, who strung out the missions from San Diego, in the entrance south to Sonoma, up beyond San Francisco. The Mission Santa Clara he did not found in person, but entrusted to Father de la Peña.

Father Thomas de la Peña came down to survey the valley in company with the Comandante Rivera of Moncada. He especially desired a location where his water-supply would be unfailing, and where he would be easiest of access by the neighboring tribes. This he found on the banks of a small tributary from the west of the Guadalupe River. This site must have been within the limits of the celebrated Laurelwood Ranch of Mr. Peter Donahue, where a deserted barn now stands. The old Kiefer Road once ran down past the place, and crossed the Guadalupe by means of the well-known but now obliterated Spanish Bridge. This road, or its first rude predecessor, brought the redman to the Mission.

The savages called the place Thamien. The name was preserved in the title of the Mission—*Santa Clara de Thamien*. The place was, however, more commonly known as Socoistika, or the *Laurel Trees*, a name which it well deserves to the present day. The ancient Indian chief, Marcello, the last of his race to die, and a man who was present at the first foundation, used to speak of it as Tshaitka. The nearest Indian tribes were the Socoisukas, the Thamiens and the Gergecensens, while the Olhones (or Costanes, i.e., *Coast* Indians, as the Spaniards used to call them) often came in from the coast beyond the Santa Cruz Mountains on the west. In habits and intelligence, they were like the Digger Indians of to-day. As many as twenty-three dialects were spoken amongst them, and what they did speak might rather be called a gibberish than a language. Dana called it the nearest approach to a down-right *slobber* that he could imagine.

They were above the medium height, and were powerfully built. Their color was a dark black, their faces flat, their lips thick, and their hair long and straight. Rings and other ear-ornaments were in great vogue amongst them, and the women loved to tattoo their faces and arms, and the men to bedaub themselves from head to foot with streaks of red paint in outlandish patterns.



THE SECOND CHURCH IN SANTA CLARA VALLEY.

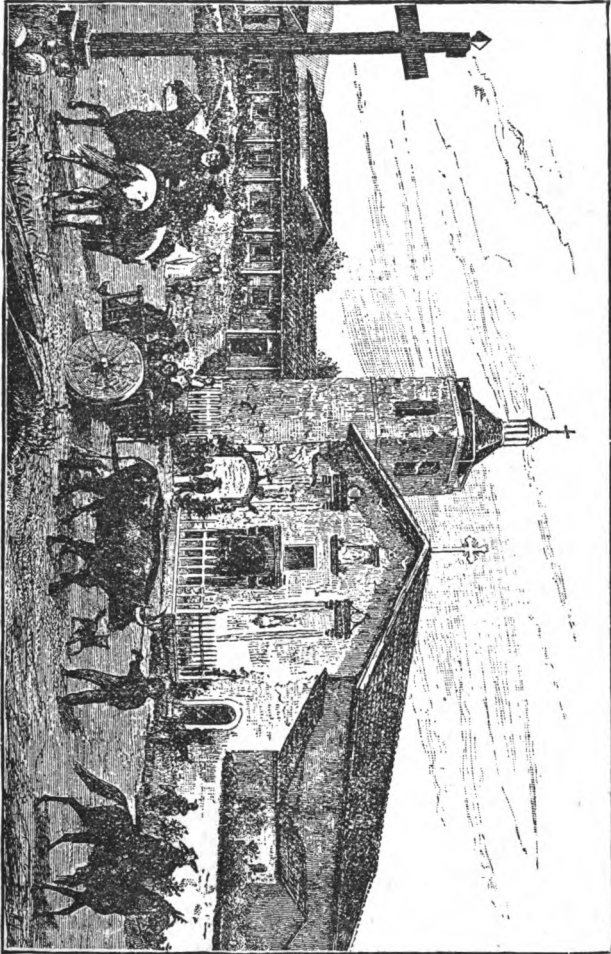
Their huts in summer were only a rough heap of bushes, but in winter these were sometimes thirty feet in diameter. Their food consisted chiefly of acorns, berries, roots, insects and snakes, but, being dextrous in the use of their bows and arrows, they often feasted on deer, rabbits, hares and birds, and with nets and spears caught trout and salmon in the streams.

Their religious notions were meagre, but exhibited the never-failing belief in a Supreme Being. They adored the sun, and believed in an evil as well as a good spirit which they should propitiate. When any one died, the body was decked out with flowers, feathers and beads. It was then laid upon a pyre of wood, with a bow and arrows beside it, and was burned amid great shoutings, while the friends of the deceased wished the spirit a happy journey toward the setting sun. They cherished a tradition that their forefathers had come down from the North. This would link them with the Asiatics who migrated to America across the Aleutian Islands. The office of chief usually descended from father to son. Slavery was hardly known amongst them, but polygamy was the common practice. Stealing and other gross vices were ordinary and habitual. Their proneness to these vices was largely the cause of their utter extinction after they had once mingled with the dissolute white settlers, a story which history is repeating to-day in many of the lovely islands of the Pacific.

II.

When Father de la Peña had decided to locate the mission at Socoiſtika, or the Laurel Trees, he returned with Moncada to San Francisco, whence that officer set out for Monterey to send up the few white settlers and the handful of soldiers who always accompanied the missionary founder. The latter were by no means unneeded, for more than one Franciscan had watered his California Mission with his heart's blood. Nine soldiers and a settler with his family soon arrived, and under the military command of Don José Moraga, the vice-governor, and the spiritual direction of Father de la Peña, they proceeded to lay the foundations of Santa Clara. This they did on the 12th of January, 1777—a day deservedly called the valley's birthday.

Father de la Peña's first care was to erect the Mission Cross. It was cut from a redwood tree, and was blessed and solemnly set up in what was to be the centre of the Mission. It is the same ancient relic that stands to-day in front of the Mission Church. It



MISSION SANTA CLARA IN 1861.

has been tenderly covered with light pine, except for a section at the base, to preserve it from the gradual ravages of time ; and a garden-plot has been laid out around it.

Eight days later, Father José Antonio de Murguía was sent from Monterey to join Father de la Peña, and under the direction of the two, the church and settlement soon sprang into being. They marked off a square of seventy rods, on the four sides of which respectively they built the church and the pastoral residence, the office and work-shops, the guard-house and barracks, and the store-house. The church was in keeping with the wilderness it came to redeem. It was made of timber hewn in the neighborhood, and was plastered with *adobe* clay and roofed with earth. The first child baptized in the Mission was a little girl, whom of course the Fathers felt bound to call Clara.

Fathers de la Peña and Murguía had hardly begun their labors at Socoiſtika when a scourge broke out among the children. It was a propitious time for the missionaries, and they were indefatigable in hurrying hither and thither through the valley. They were thus enabled to baptize dozens of little ones at the moment of death, and the little ones did not forget them at the throne of God. The hearts of the parents were touched by the unwearied kindness of the Fathers, and their reverence for them was vastly increased by the number of cures they were able to effect. Conversions followed quickly and within eight years these two unaided Franciscans had reclaimed no less than seven hundred brutal savages, transforming them into civilized and intelligent Christians, living in adobe houses and pursuing either the trades or the lives of cattle-raisers and farmers.

The records of the baptisms are still religiously preserved at Santa Clara College. They are the earliest written records of the valley. Father de la Peña wrote with a delicate hand, in small fine characters, but with the most scrupulous legibility; while Father Murguía dashed off his words with a large, bold sweep, such as we might expect from one who spent his days in the open field at the plough with the Indian, or at the carpenter's table, or the shoemaker's bench. Many an entry has also been made in the register by the venerable Junipero Serra, who visited the mission several times in his capacity of president. His letters are small but not cramped and are always dark and legible.

The Indians were soon induced to dwell in adobe houses clustering near the Mission church, and were nearly always under the eyes of the missionaries. Every one arose at sunrise and went to the church for Mass and morning prayers, after which they breakfasted. Their diet was enviably healthy. Beef, mutton, venison and all sorts of vegetables were constantly on the table, besides wheaten cakes and puddings and a nourishing porridge



THE MISSION CROSS, SANTA CLARA.

called *pinole*. After breakfast, they went to work, either in the fields or in the shops, till about twelve o'clock, when the *Angelus* bell called them to prayer and dinner. Recreation and the siesta followed dinner till two o'clock, when they returned to their labors, which were concluded at the sound of the evening *Angelus*, at six o'clock. Next came evening devotions, family prayers and the rosary. Supper was then served, and games and athletic sports closed the day.

The young unmarried women lived in a separate building, under the care of virtuous matrons, where they were shielded from danger and taught all the useful employments of domestic life until they reached a marriageable age, when it was not hard to find them suitable husbands. They were especially expert in making clothes of wool, cotton and flax. Their hall, which was called *el monjero*, had no doors or windows facing on the public road, a necessary precaution against intrusion by the naturally vicious savages. The young women were known as *las monjas*, or the nuns, but with nothing of our strictly religious meaning attaching to the term.

The dress of the ordinary Indians consisted of a linen shirt, a pair of trousers and a woolen blanket, but the *alcaldes*, or overseers, were dressed in cloth like the white men. The women were supplied every year with two chemises, a gown and a blanket. The mission-supplies came in launches down the bay from San Francisco to Alviso, whence they were carried overland to the Mission on horseback, and were usually paid for in hides, tallow, furs, corn and cloth. After a good sale in return of the mission products, the Fathers made liberal distributions to their neophytes of wearing-apparel, handkerchiefs, tobacco, glass trinkets and musical instruments. On the latter the Indians soon became surprisingly accurate players, and always accompanied the church services.

Within fifty-six years, the Fathers had baptized some 8500 neophytes and performed 2500 marriage ceremonies.

III.

Great variety of incident is not to be expected in the chronicles of such a mission. The first important event was the destruction of the settlement at Socoïstika. In January and February, 1779, it was twice flooded by the turbulent Guadalupe. Several of the houses were overthrown, and in 1781 the Fathers were compelled to change their location.

The spot they now selected was called Gerguensun, or *the Valley of the Oaks*, by the natives, while old Marcello called it

Nació En 2. de Sept. de dho año en la Iglesia de Sta Maríon
 de Sta Clara puer los Santos Olay y supli la sang. cie.
 morian dela Sta Iglesia a Sebastian Tpt baptizada
 en Cari se naceunda en 2. de Junio del mismo año.
 como consta dela partida 23. y parage ante lo firma
 en dho dia, mes y año. Fr. Thomas dela Pená.

En 15 de Set. de 1777 año en la Iglesia de Sta
 Maríon de Sta M. de Sta Clara Bautize Blenuon
 a un Niño Pavi. de este día nacido, dho último
 de Ana Heber, y de Maria Feliciama Cárter. B. Pado.
 dela escuela de esta Maríon, y le puse por nombre
 Joh Maria, fueson Padrinos Joachin Carroa Bl-
 do de dho escuela y su esposa Martina Conl-
 ler. a q. meza doventi el Parentesco y obligo espiritual.
 y para q. conste lo firmo
 Fr. Joh An. Murguia

En 9. de Octubre de 1777 en la Iglesia desta Maríon de Sta Clara
 rogado alos PP. Principes de ella Bautize solemnmente un niño como a-
 cho años instruido segun los rituales de su edad hijo de Padres gentiles
 llamados Sar-lage y Quenchiemis de la Ranch. de San Francisco Solano
 y le puse por nombre Joseph Maria. Fueson sus Padrinos el Sol-
 do de dho escuela y su esposa Joachin Carroa Bl-
 do de dho escuela y su esposa Joachin Carroa Bl-
 no a su padre y el nombre de su madre Joachin Carroa Bl-
 santa Isabel y le puse por nombre Joachin Carroa Bl-
 Padrinos el Cello de dho escuela Joh Ramon de Jorques y su esposa
 y para q. conste lo firmo
 Fr. Joachin Carroa Bl-
 do de dho escuela y su esposa Joachin Carroa Bl-

FAC-SIMILE OF HANDWRITING OF FATHERS MURGUIA AND SERRA.

Tshatcapschi. It is within the limits of the present town of Santa Clara, not far west from the Broad Gauge station, in the field south of the junction of the Narrow Gauge road and Franklin Street. Like its predecessor at Socoïstika, not a vestige of it now remains. Its adobe walls have long since fallen and been mingled with the plowed earth of a grain-field. Father Murguia was its architect and builder, and laid its corner-stone on November 19th, 1781. It was finished and dedicated on May 15th, 1784, but just four days previously the loving architect died of a burning fever and was laid at rest in its sanctuary. Father Diego Noboa succeeded Father Murguia, and followed loyally in his footsteps, deserving equally the deepest respect and veneration of the historian.

The Mission Cross was duly removed with the Mission from Socoïstika to Gerguensun. In the latter place, a pretty story was related of it by Marcello. One year, he said, the people suffered from a dreadful drought. They were almost in despair for want of water, when the Fathers gathered them round the Cross, to make a novena there for their special intention. On the ninth day a copious spring of delicious water burst from the ground not far away. There are now several springs of water near by, with any of which the miracle might be associated.

In 1794, Father de la Peña's physical condition was so weak that his superiors were compelled to recall him to Mexico. Here his health rapidly improved and he did great work for souls till he died, February 9th, 1806. Father Noboa left Santa Clara at the same time as Father de la Peña. They were succeeded by Fathers José Magin and Manuel Fernandez, the latter, however, remaining only one year and being replaced by Father José Viadèr.

Fathers Magin and Viadèr labored together at the Mission Santa Clara for thirty-five years. Under their management it reached the height of its prosperity and began its downfall. It was under their direction that the famous *Alameda* was planted from the Mission Santa Clara to the Pueblo San José. It consisted of a double line of magnificent willow-trees stretching with

beautiful windings for about three miles, and affording impenetrable shade in the hottest days of summer. All the great religious and civic processions were wont to pass down its full length. Father Magin employed two hundred Indians in planting, watering and protecting the young trees, and for the whole distance he had them dig a ditch to irrigate the trees from the Guadalupe. Within the last ten years the venerable willows have been destroyed to make way for a street-car road, and the walk from town to town is now like a tramp across the Sahara, dry, sunny and devoid of beauty.

The church which Father Murguia had erected at Gerguensun was doomed to destruction. Its walls were seriously cracked by an earthquake in 1812, and in 1818 they were ruined beyond redemption. The third or present site was decided upon, and the new church was opened in 1820. It was two hundred feet long, forty-two feet wide and thirty feet high, with adobe walls six feet thick, and boasted of a belfry-steeple sixty feet in height. The overseer of the building was old Marcello. In 1841, the adobe steeple was replaced by one of wood, with a clock and a gallery to adorn it. The clock had four faces in those days and afterwards did service as the college clock, till but a few months ago, when it was replaced by the present one. The two old bells were religiously re-hung in one of the two new towers which were subsequently built for the church. Those of the roof were lashed together with raw-hide thongs and covered with the familiar red tiles. Outside, the church was brilliant with coloring and bore the pictures of Saints Clare, Francis of Assisi, and Antony of Padua.

By 1862, the ravages of time were so great that the present fronting had to be built for the church ; and in 1885 the old adobe walls had to be removed as unsafe, thus broadening the church by twelve feet. At the same time, the dingy little windows had to be enlarged and the roof raised, but in every other respect all the old characteristics have been carefully preserved. The visitor still gazes upon the same quaint reredos and altar that came from Mexico in 1802, the same sanctuary ceiling that was painted full

of saints and angels by the Indians under Father Viadèr's direction, the same mural decorations, the same pulpit that Father Magin so often filled, and the same great Mexican crucifix which is said to have once stretched forth its arms to embrace him.

Father Magin reposes side by side with Father Peter de Vos, one of his Jesuit successors. Father John Nobili, the first of the Jesuits to take possession of the church when its mission days



INTERIOR OF MISSION CHURCH, SANTA CLARA, IN 1891.
(Old Mexican reredos, altar, pulpit, crucifix, and Indian frescoes still intact.)

were over, in 1851, lies buried, likewise without a tombstone, at a similar place on the Epistle side.

IV.

Father Magin went down to his grave feeling that his work was to be ruined. The first plan of secularization, by which all the missions in California were to be taken from the missionaries and turned over to Government administrators, was published by

Governor Echeandia in 1828. Father Magin saw that the scheme was one of robbery, and that his poor neophytes could never survive the blow. Time proved his foresight. Ten years saw the missions utterly destroyed. Twenty years saw the Indians exterminated.

Father Magin—Magin Catala is how he used to write his name, the surname being derived from his native province of Catalonia in Spain—died November 20th, 1830. So great was the repute of his sanctity, that in 1884 Archbishop Alemany opened an ecclesiastical court at Santa Clara College to inquire into his virtues and miracles, with a view to his canonization. The inquiry lasted for two months and many prophecies and other miracles seemed to be well attested, and the Archbishop was encouraged by the auditors of the Rota to continue his inquiries; but a number of obstacles have since prevented it, and the cause may now be said to be practically abandoned.

Father Viadèr left the Mission in 1833, and died not long afterwards, probably of a broken heart, in Spain. He was succeeded by Father Garcia Diego, afterwards Bishop of Monterey, and Father José Bernardino Perez, his secretary, who remained with him about two years, when he returned to Mexico and afterwards became Guardian of the College of Zacatecas. Father Rafael Moreno succeeded him. Meantime, the work of secularization had been going on ruthlessly throughout the State. Some of the missionaries were ordered out of the country, others were persecuted till they died of their misery, and all were hampered till they could do nothing for their neophytes. The latter became discontented and vicious, and fled in hundreds to the mountains. At Santa Clara the order of secularization was published in December, 1836. Father Moreno died three years later, and was succeeded by Father Jesus Maria del Mercado. By 1840, the once glorious Mission had sunk so low that there was no product but that of hides, and all industries were suspended. Two-thirds of the cattle and sheep, apparently all other available property of any value, had disappeared. Only one hundred and thirty neophytes remained.

The last of the Franciscans at Santa Clara was Father José Maria del Real, who succeeded Father Mercado in 1844. In his time, under Governor Pio Pico, the last details of the extinction of the missions were given in a decree of September 10, 1845. In July, 1846, Commodore Sloat at Monterey raised the American flag over California. General Kearney shortly afterwards, as military Governor, gave orders that the missions should remain controlled by the priests in charge until proper judicial tribunals should be established. With all the mismanagement and fraud of a dozen kinds which the decree of secularization had fostered, little was left of the once boundless domain of the Mission Santa Clara. It consisted of hardly two-thirds of the property now held by the Jesuit Fathers at Santa Clara College.

In 1851, Archbishop Alemany requested Father John Nobili, a Jesuit missionary from Oregon, to open a college on the ruins of the Mission. Father Real accordingly turned over to him the few adobe ruins and tumbledown sheds, the orchard, and the sadly-neglected church, and retired to Mexico. With his departure, the beautiful and mournful story of the Mission Santa Clara was ended.

READING FOR THE SOUL'S COMFORT.

By the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S. J.

I.

THE devout Thomas á Kempis, speaking in a meditative mood to God, says: "Thou hast given me, in my infirmity, Thy Sacred Body for the refection of my mind and body, and Thou hast placed a lamp to guide my feet, Thy Word. These may be called two tables, placed on the right and left in the sacred treasury of the holy Church."

Each of these tables is just as necessary as the other, but in different ways. That which offers the food of the divine word

enables us to approach the other, which exhibits the Holy Eucharist. We should never approach the sacred table of the altar, did we not first understand and accept God's word that He it is Who is there, and that we must eat of Him, in order to live. In their efficacy, then, both tables must be frequented. We draw near to Him, and are enlightened ; and, when our eyes are opened, we draw nearer still, and our hearts are fed. The nourishment of the intelligence is the radiance of the Word of God ; the health and life of our hearts within is the unction which distils from the charity of God, incarnate in the Holy Eucharist.

The Word, which Thomas á Kempis speaks of, is that revealed in the Holy Scriptures, and it is manifold indeed. Whatever light of intelligence can possibly be needed by man in the course of his many wanderings here below, in his darkness and his griefs, in his brightness and his joys, in the midst of solitude as well as in the throng of the multitude, is all conveyed in the manifold speech, phrase and instruction of Psalmist, Prophet and Apostle, who break up and distribute, in their own manner, the multi-form wisdom of God. They do, every one of them, what Christ our Lord came expressly to accomplish Himself, Who, being in the bosom of the Father, came to narrate in speech and parable, in word and action, in form and movement so divine, what He had heard from the Father, and had come to share with men. He gave us a right to understand the message which he brought. It was not His intention that, whether in the spoken word, or in the written word, so much eloquence, which is altogether divine, should be expended in vain. He would not have any path left deserted in that garden of chaste delights, which, like a skilful gardener, He has been laying out from the beginning, in those Holy Scriptures which He Himself has dictated from the first. No refreshing retreat of spiritual love should be left unfrequented, no flower or fruit be left to bloom and mature, as in the desert air. St. John Chrysostom, pleading for spiritual light, uses this very ground on which to rest his confidence : he says, "Thou wouldst not, O Lord, have so many pages of awful mysteries written in vain !"

As to any other book written by man, the more it favors the features and the words of these revealed pages, the greater will be its force and power, its penetration to search the inner feelings, and to touch the heart. The profound thought and direct style, which pierce deep into the abyss of the heart, are luminous with pure light, according as they resemble this model so high and efficacious—God's own Word to men, which, as St. Paul says, is more piercing than any two-edged sword, reaching to the bones and the marrow, penetrating unto the division of the soul and the spirit.

A marked illustration of this is the fact that the *Imitation of Christ*, which is the most widely circulated of all moral books in the world, is one which has done little more than weave together a tissue of phrases and thoughts from Holy Scripture. The inspired thought is either directly quoted, or is felt to be underlying the devout writer's own expression. His mind, like that of a truly cloistered soul, was entirely imbued with God's word; and he wrote whereof he knew, because his heart was full of it. The same we see in a higher model, the canticle of the *Magnificat*, composed by the Blessed Virgin. It was itself inspired, yet it was her own thought; and that, we observe, was prompted throughout by other phrases and words in the Old Testament. It shows us where she had formed her ways of thinking, and her very style.

This exhibits to us the secret spring and meaning of all spiritual reading, which is to support the life of the soul. It must be the conversation of God with man. Whenever His word is delivered to us, whether as spoken or as written, it is God Himself Who is talking to man. And, when He speaks, it is worth our while listening to Him. We do well to draw nearer to His feet, that we may hear the better. It is very good for us; since His speech is like Himself, all good.

One of the first effects of it is a degree of understanding in the soul, loosening its tongue, and suggesting what to answer. This is the exercise called prayer. It springs wholly from enlightenment; and, when it comes into play, it exerts over the

omnipotence of God a power not limited by the Divine Goodness : *You shall ask whatever you will, and it shall be done unto you.*¹ Whoever asks as he ought, abiding in Christ, and with Christ's words abiding in him, receives all that he asks for ; he can command what he wants, since God's Providence has placed itself at his disposal. Prayer on the part of the faithful soul disposes and arranges things in the very way God most desires. He has indeed many ways of fulfilling His general designs over the world ; for an infinite wisdom places an infinity of resources at the disposal of His governing Providence. But when the preference of a soul rises before Him, as expressed in prayer, it determines one out of the many ways, which otherwise it would suit Himself perfectly well to follow. It makes this way more pleasing to Him than any other. And, instead of passing on, He stays with you, because you have asked Him. Ask, and His Heart yields.

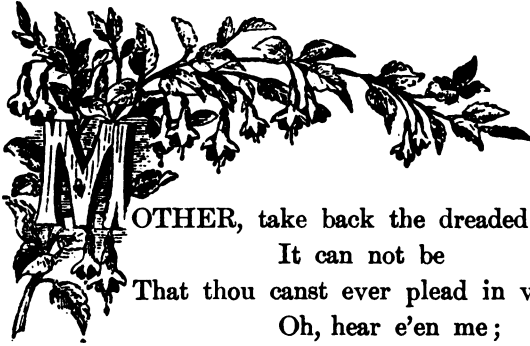
Now this prayer is all suggested and supported by the vigor of spiritual enlightenment or the spirit of faith. The life of prayer depends upon the knowledge of God's ways, which we should learn while we are on earth. No doubt, this knowledge comes first by hearing. But, as preachers and spiritual instructors are not always by us, whereas books are, the springs of written instruction remain alone accessible, when others are practically closed. Even in times far gone by, when books were not so easily had, the Apostles referred to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, as the source of consolation, strength and light. St. Paul expressly appeals to *the consolation of the Scriptures*. The Apostles, replenished as they were with every divine gift, needed comfort for themselves, as they bestowed it on others. They were not always on the heights of contemplation. Or, if they were, they received there nothing save what God chose to impart. Often enough, that left their care and solicitude and anxiety, and their need of prudence, foresight, labor, patience, just as before. And the Saints of all times have come down from the loftiest raptures only to find their trials and distress, their need of longanimity and infinite forbear-

¹ St. John, xv. 7.

ance, just where they had left them on entering into prayer. For so it is that God wishes to be honored by men. He has given them this occupation, in the days of their pilgrimage short and evil. And to the *consolation of the Scriptures* they had recourse habitually; just as continually we must have recourse to God for our daily bread, which is given every day.

APPEAL TO THE HEART OF MARY.

By J. F. Fitzgerald.



OTHER, take back the dreaded words;¹
 It can not be
 That thou canst ever plead in vain;
 Oh, hear e'en me;
 The world is full of sin and woe,
 Sweet Mother mine,
 And thou alone canst stem the tide
 Of wrath divine.

Then, Mother, lift thy pure sweet hands,
 And for us pray,
 That He will touch the hearts so steeped
 In sin to-day,
 That ere another sun shalt set,
 They'll softer grow,
 And, bathed in His own Precious Blood,
 Be white as snow.

¹ In one of the Apparitions of Pellevoisin, our Blessed Mother, in speaking of the punishments we have reason to dread on account of the sins and infidelities of mankind, said: "I can no longer stay my Son's arm."

Oh, Mother, stand as once thou didst,
 On Calvary's height,
 And offer up the Blood that flowed
 In thy dear sight;
 Each dying gasp, each sacred tear,
 That blessed prayer,
 "Father, forgive";—thou, martyred soul,
 Wert thou not there?

Then at His sacred, bleeding feet,
 With sorrow's dart
 Broken—transpierced—Oh, Mother, lay
 Thine own pure heart;
 In silent, prayerful pleading, stand
 The Cross anear,
 And martyred Mother, *canst* thou think
 He will not hear?

A LOVER OF THE EUCHARIST.

MOTHER MARIA TERESA, FOUNDRESS OF THE CONGREGATION
 OF ADORATION AND REPARATION.



HÉODELINA DUBOUCHÉ, now far better known by her name in religion, Mother Maria Teresa, was born at Montauban on May 2, 1809. Her parents, without being infidels, says the Abbé Hulst, her biographer, professed practical indifference to all religion. Her father diverted from

the faith by the prejudices of the last century; her mother engrossed in worldly affairs and condemning every kind of religious practice; a brother who died young after a life of dissipation—such were her early surroundings; but Providence showed its divine power by causing a lily to blossom among thorns, and sanctity to germinate amidst indifference and impiety.

From her earliest years Théodelinda showed the qualities and defects of her Southern nature, her father being from the South of France and her mother of Italian descent. Had their little daughter been brought up in a Christian manner, she would have been extremely pious from her childhood. She possessed a lively disposition, a quick but reflective mind, ardent feelings and rare artistic talent. Before the age of five years she began to admire everything in nature and to take pleasure in thinking of Him Who had created them. Always recollected in church without knowing why, her mother laughingly called her "the little devotee."

But her good dispositions were not cultivated. She heard God spoken of with coldness or indifference, and no one strove to inspire her with love for Him. Her parents went to church but rarely and for appearance' sake. For the same reason and to please the village curé, they erected in their garden each year a repository for the procession on Corpus Christi.

Théodelinda relates that her mother, ever ready for amusement, took pleasure in dressing her as an angel, to scatter flowers on the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, and she never doubted that the God of the Eucharist had favorably received this simple homage of His future spouse, and shed on her soul at that time the first graces of her vocation. Towards the end of her life she writes to her confessor: "I still remember what the Blessed Sacrament said to my heart when I visited the repository prepared in my mother's garden."

Before she had reached the age of seven years, her baby conscience understood that her parents were not walking in the right path, that nevertheless it was her bounden duty to respect them, and that she should devote herself to them out of love for that God Whom they did not serve. Her family considered her a little wonder, but they loved, esteemed and laughed at her. From this profane circle God called her, and imprinted on her soul that first mark of faith and love that was never to be effaced.

Her piety was not in any way sentimental. She was animated with the feeling of duty and a firm resolution to die

rather than offend God mortally. Thus, without any exterior assistance, that perfect charity infused by baptism developed itself in the heart of the child.

Certain faults appeared in her character, and her education did not tend to correct them. She compared herself with those who surrounded her, and, feeling her own superiority, she became difficult to manage. When her impertinent repartees had evoked bodily punishment, remembering the maxim she had so frequently seen when learning to read—*kiss the hand which chastises you*—she never failed after correction to kiss her mother's hand.

When about ten years of age, she was sent to school at Orleans as a boarder, but she could only remain there a short time owing to her independent character. She had taken for her emblem an open cage, with the motto, "Liberty makes me faithful." Nevertheless, these few months of captivity worked an important change in her character. Until then she had but few religious *instincts*; she then received religious instruction, and her soul eagerly imbibed celestial truths.

Whilst still young she made her first Communion, but alone and under circumstances little calculated to develop her natural piety. Imagine a child between ten and eleven years of age condemned to a retreat of three days without religious exercises, sermons, pious books, the direction of her confessor, or help of any kind. God doubtless permitted this strange conduct on the part of her superiors, to show that He alone wished to be her Master.

Those three days of seclusion and silence were spent by Théodelinda in serious meditation. She considered her difficult position with respect to her family; the distance which separated her from them in religious matters, and the future struggle she would have to make. She felt that a powerful tie bound her forever to the Catholic Faith, and that the only means of corresponding to this light was courageously to embrace virtue—such as she understood it—and to isolate herself, by a life of occupation, from the worldly and frivolous circle around her.

She left school immediately after making her first Communion and began at once, with a courage beyond her years, to put in

practice the plan she had laid down for herself. With very little spiritual direction this young soul might have been made a great saint; but so far from that, she was continually warned against religious influences. Her mother frequently told her that devotion leads to madness, and she was troubled at seeing her go to church so often, and separating herself from society. Seeing her child shutting herself up all day with her pencil and books, she consoled herself, however, with the thought that Théodelinda would grow up a clever and superior woman; so the mother's frivolity took pleasure in the daughter's seriousness.

The maturity of the child was truly singular. Study, nature and art alone attracted her. History inflamed her heart with passionate admiration for great actions. "Jeanne d'Arc," she says, "Jeanne Hachette, all illustrious women were my heroines. I studied their lives as I should have done the lives of the Saints."

Although Théodelinda remained faithful to the resolutions which were to separate her from her worldly relations, still it was difficult for her not to imbibe some of the prejudices instilled into her. She only knew one person who practised his religious duties. This was one of her father's clerks, whom she secretly admired, because he alone had courage to go to Mass on Sunday. Thus, alone and unassisted she might gradually have lost her faith, but grace was struggling in her soul against family influence. Love preserved her faith.

She says she triumphed over all the assaults made on her convictions by the thought that *Christianity demands all*, and that it is more exacting than the noblest philosophy. From that time she began to take notice of the sensible favors by which God wished to gain her whole heart to Himself.

"When I was fourteen years old," she says, "whilst preparing one day for confession, I felt a kind of ecstasy, which did not last long, but I was so transported with love that I thought I was going mad." Then, her reasoning nature gaining the upper hand, she became afraid of this grace. "Really," she thought to herself, "my mother was right; one does indeed lose her head when too devout."

Her confessor, of whom she had felt some mistrust, dying about this time, she took another, whose direction rendered her still more reserved. He wished to give her a rule of life, and forbade her amusements in which she saw no sin, and in which she joined simply in order not to irritate her mother by a refusal. Her conscience told her she was in the right; she was indignant at the thought of restraint, changed her confessor and became more distrustful than ever.

She was then sixteen years of age. Study and the love of her parents had until then occupied her life. Her brother's death, which caused the family great sorrow, developed her sensibility in a singular manner. She began to feel an extraordinary desire to love God. Whilst still a child, shortly after her first Communion, she continually sought to inflict suffering upon herself.

"To surmount a difficulty," she says, "I would have persevered to my last breath; and my mother used to say of me that I only liked to do what gave me pain and trouble."

Her intellectual tastes continued to develop themselves. Her love of the arts, especially of painting, continued to increase. In order to make progress in it, she obtained her mother's permission to work at the museum, and she there passed whole days. On her return, when she did not go into society to please her mother, she would shut herself up with her books.

II.

We quote from Théodelinda's own record of her life, written in 1852 in obedience to the command of her confessor, the following account of how God took possession of her heart:

"At the age of twenty-two my life underwent a change. I was called upon to accompany my father, who then filled an official position in the North,¹ and who wished me to accompany him. My mother would not change her residence, so I had to separate from her. I found myself alone and independent in the midst of the world, where I was too well received for my vanity not to be excited.

¹ Mezières. M. Dubouché was named treasurer of the Department of Ardennes on Jan. 1st, 1831. Théodelinda joined him during that year.

"The prefect's wife and daughter were fortunately good Catholics, and as they were likewise women of talent and sense, I began to feel an ardent affection for them. . . . Their position obliging them to keep open house, I no longer ceased to frequent fêtes, dinners, concerts, and balls. Seeing me adopted as one of the family, every one paid me attention and flattered me, whilst the men did all in their power to make themselves agreeable to me. All this pleased me very much. I became less prudent, less serious; I spent more time over my toilet. A young man thought he had made an impression upon me. His attentions flattered my imagination, but did not touch my heart.

"When I was again alone, I was troubled and uneasy, and I prayed earnestly to God that I might not offend Him. That merciful Father saw my folly and took pity on me. He began powerfully to work on my heart. The light of faith no longer sufficing, He wounded my heart as with a sharp arrow. . . . Now that I was free, I went to daily Mass, during which I was so recollected that one might have thought that I was a saint; but then in the evening I recommenced my worldly life.

"Nevertheless, God, Who watched over me, gave me a great grace; He sent me the small-pox, which cut short my worldly career. In His mercy, He did not call me away to judgment in that dreadful moment. What would have become of me? However, I saw death close at hand. Our Lord, who had tried gentle means, now allowed terror to take possession of me. But my heart was not yet won.

"I left that part of the country a few months later. The world of pleasure no longer attracted me; but I was now bewitched with wit and talent. To please me, my parents removed to Paris; I was just twenty-four (1833). I determined to cultivate my talent for painting, and accordingly worked from eight to ten hours daily in a studio. I eagerly frequented the society of celebrated persons. God, Who wished to inspire me with a disgust for all things by seeing them near, permitted an elderly man, illustrious by his writings, to take a particular interest in me. He

received at his house the most distinguished persons in art and literature. On more intimate acquaintance, however, with these remarkable men, I found them so full of silly vanity that my illusions respecting human glory vanished."

On her arrival at Paris, Théodelinda sought a confessor. She found one whom she thought too severe and chose another, the mildest she could find.

"This good priest," she says, "was far too indulgent. God doubtless permitted it to be so on account of my weakness, which as yet could endure no yoke. I began to feel a longing for more frequent Communion, but I did not think myself worthy. Until the age of twenty-five I continued to approach the Holy Table only four times a year, as I had done since my first Communion. God doubtless pardoned me this infatuation of false humility which made me fear to cause it to be said that 'devout persons were no better than any one else'; for He showered down on me His graces and lights.

"I had a painting-master who possessed great talent; we were united by an affection which always remained good, simple and pure. Nevertheless, he was not a Christian. If he had been, he would have been a saint, for God had gifted this soul with the noblest qualities I ever met with in a single heart. In his affection for me, on account of some little good I did to the young girls, who, like myself, came to take lessons in painting, and also on seeing that I showed some little affection for my good parents, he would sometimes say to me: 'If there are still saints in this world, you will be one.' If I had been what he supposed, I should have obtained his conversion, whilst, as it was, I had the misfortune of seeing him die without the Sacraments, although I did not leave his bedside for a fortnight. He used to say to me: 'My dear child, I hope in the goodness of God.' During his last night on earth, I said the prayers for the agonizing by his side; he prayed with his lips; he surrendered his soul to God whilst kissing my crucifix. God has His secrets of mercy; but the fate of this beloved soul still weighs sorrowfully on my heart. . . .

"Whilst speaking of this," that is, her influence over her

fellow-students, "I may mention that a little later, in imitation of the artists in Rome, I formed an *Association of St. Luke*. On that Saint's feast-day, every year, the members assembled at a Mass said for our intention, and nearly all received Communion. At one time we numbered seventeen. When I call this to mind, I look upon it as a prelude to what God demanded of me later. . . .

"The first extraordinary and prolonged grace I received was on my return from the Louvre, where I had admired the energy and strong feeling of faith of the Spanish paintings. I had remained a whole day before several. I remember principally a *Saint Francis of Assisi*, and a female martyr. On the evening of that day, whilst saying my night prayers, I was, as it were, transported. An ardent fire of divine love sprang up in my heart; and ever since that night all the rage of hell has been unable to quench this flame, although the smoke and dust of this world have often prevented it from bearing fruit."

Decidedly God had conquered, and fresh graces completed the change in Théodelinda's life. One of her greatest joys at this time was the conversion of her beloved mother.

"During months of interior trial I often offered my tears and my mortal anguish for the soul of my poor mother. God in His goodness then cast a look of mercy on my family—my mother's conversion was entire and perfect. Separated from God for fifty years, she had forgotten everything. She prepared for the Sacraments with the willingness and simplicity of a child."

On January 4th, 1842, Madame Dubouché died. Théodelinda assisted at her mother's last struggles, firmly persuaded that her purgatory was ended even before she expired.

Work and prayer now filled up the measure of Théodelinda's life, but, in the midst of ceaseless efforts for the good of others, the ardent longing for her father's conversion stood uppermost. One can easily imagine what this holy soul suffered, to see him so far removed from God. Praying by his side in the evening seemed to her more effectual than argument or reasoning.

One evening she cast herself on her knees beside him, kissed

his hand, and exclaimed, almost beside herself: "How do you think I could bear to be separated from you for all eternity?" She passed the whole of that night in prayer. The following day she told her confessor what had passed between her father and herself, and asked him to see her father. He came and was well received, but the victory was far from complete. The poor father said to his daughter, with a bitter smile which betrayed a desire and a regret: "They wish to convert me; but it is too late; I can no longer have faith."

But prayer had begun the change, and prayer was to accomplish it. The feast of the Immaculate Conception was at hand. Mr. Dubouché, acting on an irresistible impulse, sought the priest. On the feast of St. Catharine, November, 1845, he told his daughter with tears: "My child, this is the happiest day of my life. I have regained my faith!"

III.

Théodelinda had a great desire to unite herself in some way to the spirit of Carmel. Something in her heart spoke to her constantly of this devotion. At one time she thought of joining a community of hospital Sisters, but was dissuaded by the Superiress, whose advice caused her joy and surprise. "Perpetual adoration will suit you better than our life," wrote this enlightened woman.

Her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament was full of ardor. "I feel," she writes to her director, Father F. Lefèvre, "that if such were the will of God, I should wish to live on earth for centuries, so as to adore Him in His Sacramental love."

The decisive grace, however, which was the origin of her mission was the vision which God vouchsafed her of the Holy Face, from which sprang the congregation of the "*CŒuvre Réparatrice*," or Work of Reparation. It was the Thursday after Sexagesima Sunday, February, 1846, that this divine vision was granted her for the first time.

Mother Isabella of St. Paul, Prioress of the Carmelites of the Rue d'Enfer, to whom she had become devotedly attached,

and to whom she had confided the wonderful graces she had received, sent her to her confessor, who ordered her to reproduce on canvas the Image, now ever present to her soul. An inward voice had said the same thing to her, and although she had never painted without a model, she undertook the work. She devoted four Fridays to the task, and great was her joy when she found that there was a resemblance.

"Many artistic faults will be found with it," she wrote to Father Lefèvre, "but for me it is the recollection of a great grace." Eventually, fearing to become too much attached to this picture, she gave it as a present to her confessor.

We cannot enter into a detailed account of the graces which Théodelinda received during a retreat at the Carmelite convent, but it is important to mention the first revelation which led to her vocation of Reparation. With her father, she had taken up her abode in the Court of the Carmelites. Scarcely had she begun her new life under the shadow of the cloister than the Revolution broke out. It was from this social commotion that sprang the Congregation of Reparation.

Permission was obtained to celebrate in the Carmelite chapel penitential exercises of devotion for forty days. On Passion Sunday, April 9th, 1848, the devotions commenced. Abbé Bertholon had placed on a small altar the precious painting which Théodelinda had given to him. Each day a Mass was celebrated before this picture of the Holy Face in reparation for the injuries done it.

Théodelinda's idea was to assemble forty persons, each of whom should consecrate one entire day to exercises of Reparation. Instead of forty she found two hundred and fifty, who applied themselves to the devotion eagerly and devoutly. Whilst Frenchmen were cutting each other's throats in the streets, the new associates of the Reparation were praying before the monstrosity. While the crisis of June was filling all hearts with consternation, the Carmelite chapel had become a centre of attraction to all who were animated by the idea of Reparation.

Théodelinda took an active part in this work which drew

people to the foot of the altar. While in other places they dared not expose the Blessed Sacrament, she had obtained permission to prolong the exposition during the octave till eleven o'clock at night, and twice even through the entire night. Across streets which had been transformed by the barricades into battle-fields, courageous women found their way to this sanctuary. Théodelinda multiplied herself to be of service to them. Her house was theirs. She provided food and shelter, and courageous words for one and all. A divine strength supported her. In the midst of the tumult, news was brought her of the death of Monseigneur Affré.

"I went to venerate his body," she says, "which had been exposed for three days, with a feeling of extraordinary faith and devotion. I communicated in the *Chapelle Ardente*, and, when kissing his feet, I begged him to keep the promise he had made, and establish at Paris the Confraternity of Reparation."

The Abbé Hulst has admirably told the arduous struggle of this brave soul to establish a work which has plainly proved itself an inspiration of the Holy Ghost for the good of souls. Her own admirable life and character well deserve the fullest light that can be shed upon them, more especially the fifteen years in which she so bravely struggled, under all manner of obstacles, to found her great work.

"It is interesting," says her biographer, "to note in her life the virtues for which she was most remarkable—poverty, humility and love of suffering. The spirit of poverty had in her preceded the religious vocation. If it had not been her duty to keep a comfortable home for her parents, she would have deprived herself of all that she possessed. As she always gave away more than she possessed, she was obliged to obtain by continual work the resources which she needed."

To work in order to live, seemed to her to be the law of those who profess to imitate Jesus of Nazareth; and that word—*Nazareth*—Maria Teresa had made the motto of her institute; for in the life of Nazareth she found the finished model of the Reparation. This is what she says:

"Labor is a divine precept, the first reparation demanded by God of the sinner. Labor regenerates man. . . . Jesus made Himself all to all. His daily life should be imitated by great numbers—it is the best means of bringing men back to the belief that evangelical simplicity is not a mere fable."

Such was her conception of the Institute of Reparation, modelled on Nazareth, consecrated to the Eucharist, vivified by the spirit of Carmel.

A few weeks before her death, Maria Teresa took up her pen to write for the last time to her children. It was to draw up a kind of will.

"I leave you," she said, "a magnificent inheritance—the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar."

Mother Maria Teresa died on Sunday, August 30th, 1863. Her last wish was that her spiritual children should be true children of St. Teresa of Jesus. Her remains were laid in the vault of the Institute of the Reparation, in the cemetery of Montparnasse; but five months later, February 26, 1864, they were translated to the crypt beneath the new chapel, underneath the spot where the Eucharistic Throne was to be raised. There they now rest on the spot she most envied when alive. Since the opening of the new sanctuary, her remains serve as a foot-stool to the altar of the Adoration of Reparation.

THE READER.

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In connection with the General Intention for this month, it is interesting to read the statistics of the Mission of Madagascar as furnished by the *Missiones Catholicæ* of 1890 and the *Missions Catholiques* of 1891. The Fathers of the Society of Jesus are assisted by the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Priests of the Society of Jesus .	48	Orphans	1,105
Brothers of the Society of Jesus	10	Baptisms	5,424

Scholastics of the Society of Jesus	2	Baptisms, Children . . .	3,327
Stations with resident priests .	14	Baptisms, Adults . . .	2,097
Stations without resident priests	381	Christian Brothers . . .	19
Churches	71	Sisters of St. Joseph (three	
Chapels	186	natives)	28
Churches in course of erection .	17	Confessions	85,206
Chapels in course of erection .	94	Communion	58,573
Seminaries	1	Confirmed	1,348
Native students	15	Marriages	308
Mission schools	630	Christians (Catholics) . .	29,267
Boys in school	7,532	Catechumens	69,158
Girls	8,110	Population about	5,000,000
Orphan Asylums	10		

* *

There is always room for a new Life of Christ. No one need hope to exhaust the subject. If all that Jesus did and said were written, *the world itself, I think, would not be able to contain the books that should be written.*¹ Not all the doings and sayings of our Lord have been written, nor have we yet discovered all the details and meaning of what the Gospel writers left us. Meantime, commentator, chronologist and topographer go on amassing new materials so rapidly that ordinary readers of our Lord's life in the New Testament are glad to get from time to time a summary account of their researches. The results of such researches are all the more acceptable when presented in such a way as to elucidate obscure passages of the sacred text without interfering with its precious integrity. There is so much virtue in the simple Gospel words, that we lose something by substituting in their stead any merely human recital of what they record, be it ever so well conceived or elaborated. It is always a gain to hear about Christ from those who lived in close personal relations with Him as St. Matthew or St. John, or with His closest followers as St. Mark and St. Luke. Given their texts, or better, a harmony of their several accounts of the life of Christ, with notes to help us through difficulties, and we can build up our own life of our Master—a life which our pious study and labor will make as real in our hearts' deeds as in our heads and words.

The Reverend A. J. Maas, S.J., has lately written a *Life of Christ* such as we describe, and Mr. B. Herder, of St. Louis, has published it. The Gospel history intact, as gathered by the best

¹ St. John, 21, 25.

and latest harmonists, is distributed into parts, chapters and paragraphs, making as many as one hundred and ninety-four short passages, to each of which is prefixed the title, Gospel references, and season or date of occurrence. For explanations needed the eye is attracted to notes at the foot of each page, by having the difficult word or phrase printed in heavy type. These notes are more than a verbal commentary. Persons, places, events; religious customs, feasts, fasts, sects, prejudices and dissensions; civil usages and parties and their relations with ecclesiastical powers, with other points, all come in for explanation and leave nothing to be desired for an intelligent reading of the text.

One of the maps in this Life is itself a book. It presents in brief compass the journeys of Jesus during His public Life. Nine great journeys in all, back and forth in town and country, over river and sea, and hills to climb everywhere; here they are traced in outline, the stations carefully marked, and references added to the texts in which they are narrated. An index of subjects with a list of references to the Gospel texts make the book still more serviceable. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has commended the work for its gravity and discretion.

* * *

When we cannot make our way in the Gospels, and sometimes even their holy pages seem puzzling or uninviting to our dull or indifferent spirits, it is well to have some trusty guide to divert us to some favorite passage. Father St. Jure, of the Society of Jesus, has been well tried for over a century as such a guide, and he is the more to be trusted that he knows how to make us go direct to Christ for personal instruction and entertainment. Much of his larger works is summarized in *Christ Our Teacher*, lately done into English, and published by McCauley & Kilner of Baltimore, with a beautiful commendation by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. Perhaps the highest merit of this neat book, not larger than a pocket-book in size, is that its chapters are so short, so precise, so direct and so personal, as our Lord's words always are, that one can use it alike for reading or for meditation.

* * * *

Only a man who has handled theology in class-room, pulpit and council can hope to give in clear, scientific statement a hand-

book of our religion to suit teachers and pupils of different grades—preachers, readers and inquirers into the mysteries of holy faith.

Father Wilmer's *Handbook of the Christian Religion* was long ago pronounced successful in this manifold purpose, and twenty years have but confirmed the first approbations with which it was received. It lays down not only what we are to believe, but also in very clear detail what we are to do, and why we believe and act as we do—dogmatic, moral and apologetic theology. In editing this work in English the Reverend James Conway, S.J., has omitted a paragraph here and there, but he has amply compensated us for such omissions by additions of his own, on some new points, or rather on old questions whose answers need a more emphatic statement to meet the outcry with which they are denied. In this day of materialism, we need to hear that our souls are spiritual beings, created by God, not evolved from brute matter; and it is well to have at hand some statement of how the Commandments should help us decide the question of right to private property. Father Conway's statements are not mere emphases, but arguments which leave no room for further questioning. Benziger Bros. have published the work in a neat volume.

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Father Legrand, Secretary of the Patriarch of Jerusalem and Diocesan Director of the League, writes joyously of the wonderful success of the recent Novena of Reparation made in the Chapel of the Religious of Our Lady of Reparation. The religious orders in Jerusalem, Dominicans, Franciscans, Lazarists, Fathers of the Assumption, Fathers of Sion, Missionaries of the Sacred Heart attended the exercises and each evening one of their number preached. On the last day the Right Rev. Vicar of the Holy Land celebrated Mass and the Superior General of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart gave the sermon. Heretics and schismatics were present every evening and many of these have since come back to the Church. Father Legrand adds that among the recent Local Centres aggregated to the League is the parish of Gifneh, in the diocese of Jerusalem, where, tradition says, Mary and Joseph returned after their search for the Child Jesus.

GENERAL INTENTION

FOR OCTOBER, 1891.

Designated by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with his special blessing, and given to His Eminence the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda—the Protector of the League of the Sacred Heart, called the Apostleship of Prayer—for recommendation to the prayers of the Associates.

THE MISSION OF MADAGASCAR.

IT is not uncommon to hear persons remark that we have quite enough to do to maintain the Church at home, without busying ourselves about places very far away. Neither is it to be forgotten that a well-known humorous writer of this age won much approval for his endeavor to show that interest in "foreign missions" usually brings about a neglect of the mission which each one has nearer home. The broad sketch of Mrs. Jellaby, Mr. Quail & Company, amounting almost to burlesque, was looked upon by the reading-public generally as a stern lesson given in season, and likely to do good. But it had two radical defects—ignorance of what is meant by the *Church*, and, secondly, the sophistry of drawing a general conclusion from a particular fact.

I.

The Church does not mean either the buildings in which we worship, or the works of charity and mercy we carry on, or the sermons we hear and the prayers we say. These are but some of the means we make use of to keep up in ourselves a healthy and active membership. For the Church is the Body of Jesus Christ, and the members thereof have a certain closeness of union with and a dependence upon their Head which is less than *physical* union and dependence, yet more than *moral*. They are the *mystic* body of Christ, a body of which the existence and the nature are as real as the pyramids, though not discernible by mere human

ken or power. The members are united to the Head suchwise that they receive influence, light, strength and encouragement flowing down to them through the ministrations of those to whom He has assigned the special organic functions which they discharge. Hence St. Paul says: *But doing the truth in charity, we may in all things grow up in Him Who is the Head, even Christ: from Whom the whole body, being compacted and fitly joined together by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in charity.*¹ *

No local boundaries hedge in this Church. She is as really in Madagascar as she is in Rome. One faith, one government, one sacrifice and one sacramental system show forth the identity of the body everywhere. Among all the members there is a communion of interest for the welfare of the body and of each member. Wherefore, it would be just as reasonable to say that a man's brain need not be worried in devising means for the cure of his wounded foot, as to say that a genuine member of the Church of Christ need have no concern about those who are far removed from him by space. Rather ought it be to his zealous care to imitate the example of a skilful physician who, in ministering to the needs of the material body, strives to direct the vital energies towards the part which is not afflicted. And, as charity is the life-principle of the Church, the Holy Father invites the Associates of the Holy League to turn the forces of that charity towards an afflicted part of the mystic body of Christ. The charity of prayer, at the very least, ought to be shown towards the Church in Madagascar. That much done, something else will follow.

II.

Madagascar is a very large and not very attractive island lying to the southeast of the African continent, and separated from it by the Mozambique channel, about two hundred miles wide. It is inhabited by four different classes of men; of African,

¹ Ephesians, iv. 15, 16.

* See MESSENGER, February, 1890, Page 13.

Malay, or uncertain origin. Chief among them are the Hovas, who occupy the centre of the island and have established their capital at Tananarivo. It is with them and their fitful polity that the interests of the Church are mainly concerned.

The Dominican missionaries, aided by the Portuguese, converted many of them in the sixteenth century. But the progress of religion was very slow in such a barren soil. The most devoted of the missionaries, Brother John of St. Thomas, was poisoned by the natives. After them, some Jesuits from Goa accompanied a body of Portuguese merchants, about the year 1620. They could effect nothing; and when a few months of useless endeavor had passed, they returned to the place from which they had come. Then St. Vincent de Paul, at the request of Louis XIV., sent his missionary children to the colony of Fort Dauphin, lately established by the monarch, in the neighborhood of the old Portuguese settlement, to the south of the island. Many of them died from fever, and their places were quickly filled. But there was growing amongst the people a hatred of the French Governor, and, though the prospects of the Mission seemed bright, the natives arose in their might and either massacred or expelled all the colonists. From that time, with changing fortunes, some pious missionaries essayed the ever difficult enterprise of converting the Malagasies, as the inhabitants of the island are called.

In 1820, the London Missionary Society sent out some dissenting ministers, and the effect of their presence at Tananarivo was to excite bitter hatred against the Catholic missionaries. Father Soulages, in 1832, and after him Father Dalmond in 1837, strove earnestly to spread the Gospel among the Malagasies. The former was bitterly opposed, through the instigation of the dissenters, and died of starvation and neglect, in a miserable hovel to which he had retired to escape his persecutors. The other, with the title of Prefect Apostolic, continued his zealous labors, and established missionary stations in the northwest and in the extreme south of the island. He had already converted several hundred of the natives, when, in 1844, his apostolic heart was gladdened by the arrival of the Jesuit Fathers who had been sent to aid him.

APOSTLESHIP



NOTICES.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.—To the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (August 12 to September 12, 1891).

(Name of diocese in *italics*, before parish or community aggregated.)

Albany, New York : St. Mary's Church, Oneonta.

Boston, Massachusetts : City Orphan Asylum (Sisters of Charity), Salem.

Brooklyn, New York : St. Agnes' Seminary, Brooklyn and Babylon Academy (Sisters of St. Joseph), Babylon.

Cleveland, Ohio : St. Mary's Church, Wakeman.

Davenport, Iowa : St. Patrick's Church, Corning; St. Bridget's Church, Villisca.

Detroit, Michigan : Detroit College, Detroit.

Hartford, Connecticut : Sacred Heart Church, Waterbury.

Louisville, Kentucky : St. Joseph's Infirmary (Sisters of Mercy), Louisville.

Marquette, Michigan : St. Mary's Church, Norway.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin : St. Clara's Academy (Dominican Sisters, 3d Order, Congregation of the Most Holy Rosary), Sinsinawa.

Nesqually, Washington : Convent of the Sacred Heart, Pomeroy, and Sacred Heart School (Dominican Sisters), Seattle.

Newark, New Jersey : St. Cecilia's Church, Englewood.

New York, New York : Our Lady of Mercy Church, Portchester.

Scranton, Pennsylvania : St. Mary's Church, Dunmore.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota: St. Vincent's Church, Springfield.

THE SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Diplomas of Affiliation, received from the *Prima Primaria*, have been transmitted to the following:

Arizona, Arizona: Catholic Church, Flagstaff.

Davenport, Iowa: St. Peter's Church, Council Bluffs.

Detroit, Michigan: Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, Detroit ; St. Mary's Church (2), Wayne.

Fort Wayne, Indiana: Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (Sisters of Holy Cross), Academy, near Fort Wayne.

New Orleans, Louisiana: St. John Baptist's Church, New Orleans; Immaculate Conception Church, Washington.

New York, New York: St. John Evangelist's Church, Goshen.

Providence, Rhode Island: St. John Baptist's Church, Centerville.

Springfield, Massachusetts: St. Mary's Church, Southbridge.

Vincennes, Indiana: Church of St. Pius V., Troy.

THE TREASURY OF THE SACRED HEART.

Associates can gain 100 days' Indulgence for each action offered for the Intentions of the League.

Offerings for the Intentions of the Sacred Heart, received from August 12 to September 12, 1891.

	NO. OF TIMES.		NO. OF TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity	336,790	11. Masses Heard	139,985
2. Beads	286,410	12. Mortifications	238,307
3. Stations of the Cross . .	32,408	13. Works of Charity . . .	332,705
4. Holy Communions . . .	50,396	14. Works of Zeal	364,693
5. Spiritual Communions . .	275,655	15. Prayers	3,904,393
6. Exams of Conscience . . .	112,260	16. Charitable Conversation	64,095
7. Hours of Labor	500,590	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	63,985
8. Hours of Silence	172,649	18. Self-Conquest	124,340
9. Pious Reading	71,913	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	195,453
10. Masses Celebrated . . .	1,133	20. Various Good Works . .	354,681
Total	4,622,885		

The above represents the returns from two hundred and eighty-seven Centres.



IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 67,872.

— *In everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your petitions be made known to God (Philippians, iv. 6).* —

NEWARK, N. J., AUGUST 12.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a gentleman seventy years of age, through the prayers of the League. He had always been hostile to Catholics and firmly fixed in his own opinions.

—, NEW JERSEY, AUGUST 12.—A Promoter returns thanks for the removal of obstacles in the way of a vocation to the priesthood and for a sum of money received when much needed.

PITTSBURGH, PA., AUGUST 13.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a member of our community. She had hæmorrhages and medical remedies gave her no relief. We had recourse to the Sacred Heart, and now she is entirely cured.

WEST BROOK, MAINE, AUGUST 17.—I promised an offering to the Sacred Heart if the members of my family would be protected from fever which was in our tenement. Blessed be the Sacred Heart, the favor was granted me.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 21.—We return thanks for the cure of a baby that was seriously ill for a week. We were all afraid we should lose her. I placed the Badge upon her, and she immediately became better and is improving each day.

—, MARYLAND, AUGUST 22.—I wish to return thanks for

the graces of conversion and a happy death granted my brother who had neglected his religious duties for *twenty-three years*. He made the Mission last January and since then bore his great sufferings in patience. During his last illness he received Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum and died a most peaceful death on the eve of the Assumption.

ALBANY, N. Y., AUGUST 22.—We wish to give thanks for the return of a young girl to the practice of her religious duties after an apparent loss of faith for nearly ten years; another person recommended for nearly two years received the grace of conversion; desirable employment was secured by one who had petitioned for it since last October.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., AUGUST 22.—Most fervent thanks to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a person who had been suffering from chronic rheumatism. Doctors used every effort but could do nothing for him. I prevailed upon him to join the League and wear the Badge. I then recommended him to the prayers of the League. During the first and second months the change in his condition was scarcely perceptible, but during the third month he began to walk about, a thing which he had not done for nine months before, and on the first day of June he was able to go to work for the first time in one year.

CONCORD, N. H., AUGUST 23.—Promise was made, that if my health were restored I would have the favor published in the MESSENGER. I wish to make known the mercy of the Sacred Heart and the efficacy of the prayers of the League by publishing my thanks for the favor granted me.

—, OHIO, AUGUST 23.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a lawyer in my parish. He lived a most exemplary life during the time that intervened between his baptism and his death. His wife and child also were converted to the faith. A Catholic bitterly hostile to the Church was reconciled in illness and received the last Sacraments.

DENVER, COLO., AUGUST 24.—A religious wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a former pupil frequently recommended to the prayers of our Associates.

SHREVEPORT, LA., AUGUST 25.—Thanks to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of a lady in whose case surgical aid was deemed absolutely necessary. Upon the reception of the Badge, she was cured without it, much to the astonishment of the attending physicians, who pronounced the case without parallel in medical records.

—, PENNSYLVANIA, AUGUST 26.—An Associate returns thanks for the conversion of a man who for *ten years* entirely neglected his religious duties. Nearly three years ago his family recommended him to the prayers of the League and continued to do so month after month until last April, when at the opening of the Forty Hours' Devotion in his parish he assisted at Mass and received the Sacraments. Since that time he has gone to Mass every day.

BOSTON, AUGUST 30.—My brother was dangerously ill and would not go to confession. I sent in a petition to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the good Sisters and the school children made a novena for him, and I promised if our prayers were heard, to publish my thanks in the MESSENGER. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, he had the grace to receive Holy Communion several times before he died.

ST. LOUIS, AUGUST 31.—A gentleman who had not approached the Sacraments for *seven years*, was, unknown to himself, recommended to the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart, during the month of June. He has since received the Sacraments.

KANSAS CITY, MO., SEPTEMBER 2.—After five years of untiring devotion to the Holy League, we are at length rewarded with spiritual and temporal blessings far surpassing all our expectations. We trust that all Associates of the League may pray with renewed courage, confident that in good time the Sacred Heart will grant every request.

ST. PAUL, MINN., SEPTEMBER 5.—I had two debts which I could not meet, so I asked the Sacred Heart to help me. I then went to my creditors and stated my case; from the smaller debt I was released by paying one-half and on the larger I had to pay but one-third.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6.—A Promoter returns heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a brother who had not been to confession for *six years*.

—, MASSACHUSETTS, SEPTEMBER 8.—An official order was recently issued by the school board of our city, that all teachers should stand an examination in October. The announcement coming at this time of the year was a great surprise. I promised the Sacred Heart, that if I did not have to comply with the order I would publish my thanks in the MESSENGER. Last week I was informed that I was one of four exempted.

MILWAUKEE, SEPTEMBER 8.—Special thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a temporal favor received. It had been recommended to the prayers of the Associates with a promise that should the favor be granted, public thanks would be returned in the MESSENGER. The difficulties to be overcome were such as to leave no room for doubting the interposition of Divine Providence.

VARIOUS CENTRES.—Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for positions obtained by several persons.—For news received from absent relatives, one of whom had not been heard from in twenty-one years.—For the conversion of a man who, during the *sixty-three years* of his life, had practised no religion. He had never been baptized.—For the recovery of several persons from severe illness.—For the conversion of a brother who married out of the Church and abandoned the practice of his religious duties for *twelve years*.—For deliverance from terrible physical suffering.—For the settlement of an estate in favor of relatives who were in great need.—For temporal assistance, employment and means granted in unexpected ways.—For the conversion of a man away from the Sacraments for *eighteen years*.—For the grace of vocation to the priesthood.—For a change in employment and increased wages.—For means speedily granted to meet pressing debts.—For successful surgical operations.—For the conversion of a lady in her *eighty-sixth year*.—For the happy deaths of several Associates.—For the conversion of two persons, one five, the other twelve years away from the Sacraments.

LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS.

Received from August 12 to September 12, 1891.

The following acknowledgment of letters is only for convenience' sake in the case of letters not answered through the post and has nothing to do with the recommendation of Intentions, which invariably closes with the last day of each month.

(Figures from 12 to 31 indicate August, from 1 to 11 September.)

The initials G. O. signify Graces Obtained.

ALABAMA.

Birmingham, 27 G.O.
Mobile, 26 G.O., 4 G.O.
Tuscaloosa, 28 G.O.

CALIFORNIA.

Arcata, 21.
Johnsville, 18.
Los Angeles, 23.
Marysville, 12 G.O., 26 G.O., 3.
Petaluma, 14 G.O.
San Diego, 22 G.O.
San Francisco, 17 G.O., 21 G.O., 22 G.O., 24 G.O., 25, 26 G.O., 28.
San José, 15 G.O., 23 G.O., 25 G.O., 4.

COLORADO.

Berkeley, 1 G.O.
Denver, 24, 25.
Leadville, 20 G.O.

CONNECTICUT.

Bridgeport, 27, 31.
Danbury, 1 G.O.
Green's Farm, 7.
Hartford, 21, 1.
Middletown, 31 G.O.
Waterbury, 26 G.O.

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 27, 28 G.O., 31.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

East Capitol Station, 25 G.O.
Georgetown, 30 G.O., 9 G.O.
Tennallytown, 31 G.O.
Washington, 27 G.O., 30 G.O., 31, 31 G.O.

FLORIDA.

Jacksonville, 30.
Myers, 26.

GEORGIA.

Macon, 27 G.O., 5 G.O.
Savannah, 29 G.O., 4.

ILLINOIS.

Alton, 4.
Beardstown, 31.
Central Park, 1 G.O.
Chasworth, 24 G.O.
Chicago, 20, 21 G.O., 22 G.O., 26 G.O., 28 G.O., 29 G.O., 3 G.O., 8, 10 G.O.
Dwight, 31 G.O.
East St. Louis, 11 G.O.
Evanston, 24.
Galesburg, 27 G.O.
Grand Crossing, 25.
LaSalle, 29.
Moline, 24.
Olney, 29 G.O.
Ottawa, 9.
Paxton, 15 G.O.
Peoria, 25, 27, 27 G.O.
Seneca, 26.
Shelbyville, 17 G.O.
Springfield, 17 G.O.
Winchester, 25.

INDIANA.

Indianapolis, 29 G.O.
Lafayette, 12 G.O.
Leopold, 26.
Richmond, 31 G.O.
Seymour, 25.
Valparaiso, 19 G.O.

IOWA.

Council Bluffs, 28 G.O., 29 G.O.
Davenport, 26 G.O.
Des Moines, 30 G.O.
Dubuque, 28 G.O.
Fort Dodge, 21.
Keokuk, 24.
Lawler, 12 G.O., 8 G.O.
Mount Pleasant, 26 G.O., 27.
Solon, 21 G.O.

KANSAS.

Hanover, 4 G.O.
Kimeo, 7.
Leavenworth, 25 G.O., 29 G.O.
Olathe, 28.

KENTUCKY.

Bedford, 20.
Covington, 5 G.O., 8 G.O.
Lebanon, 27 G.O.
Loretto, 22 G.O.
Louisville, 17 G.O., 28 G.O., 30, 31 G.O., 5 G.O., 7 G.O., 8.
Maysville, 21 G.O.
Milton, 19.
Nazareth, 1 G.O.
Paducah, 25 G.O.

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans, 12 G.O., 26 G.O., 27 G.O., 4 G.O., 7 G.O.

MAINE.

Portland, 31 G.O.

MARYLAND.

Baltimore, 20, 21 G.O., 25, 31, 31 G.O., 5 G.O.
Carroll Station, 27 G.O., 28 G.O.
Cox Station, 31.
Cumberland, 28 G.O., 31 G.O.
Frederick, 25 G.O.
Libertytown, 25 G.O.
Mt. St. Mary's, 9.
Mt. Washington, 28 G.O., 31 G.O.
Pikesville, 31 G.O.
Pine Orchard, 8.
Ridgeley, 10.
Urbana, 27 G.O.
Woodstock, 29 G.O.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Beverly Farms, 22.
Boston, 13 G.O., 24 G.O., 27 G.O., 28, 29, 29 G.O., 30, 30 G.O., 31, 2, 6 G.O.
Brookline, 25.
Canton, 7 G.O.
Chelsea, 1 G.O.
Cottage City, 23.
Everett, 31 G.O.

MASSACHUSETTS (CONTINUED).

Holyoke, 27 G.O., 1.
 Lowell, 29.
 Malden, 31 G.O.
 North Adams, 25.
 Peabody, 29.
 Pittsfield, 9 G.O.
 Revere Station, 5 G.O.
 Roxbury, 19 G.O., 28 G.O., 31, 31 G.O.
 Stockbridge, 18 G.O.
 Tewksbury, 28.
 Worcester, 15 G.O., 24 G.O., 5 G.O.

MICHIGAN.

Alpena, 27 G.O.
 Chelsea, 12 G.O.
 Detroit, 22 G.O., 2 G.O., 10 G.O.
 Grand Rapids, 22 G.O., 24 G.O.
 Grindstone City, 21 G.O.
 Jackson, 29 G.O.
 Monroe, 21 G.O.
 Mount Pleasant, 7 G.O.
 Petoskey, 1.
 Port Huron, 27 G.O.
 St. Ignace, 20 G.O.
 Traverse City, 8.

MINNESOTA.

Duluth, 16 G.O.
 Hastings, 26 G.O.
 Hinckley, 25.
 Kilbenny, 29.
 Minneapolis, 12, 20, 27, 29, 31.
 Red Wing, 17.
 Stillwater, 28.
 St. Paul, 20, 21 G.O., 24, 25 G.O., 26 G.O., 27 G.O., 28, 28 G.O., 29, 29 G.O., 30 G.O.

MISSISSIPPI.

Bay St. Louis, 1.
 Jackson, 23 G.O.
 Oakland, 12, 2 G.O.
 Shuqualak, 18.
 Tchula, 24.
 Vicksburg, 21 G.O.
 Yazoo City, 5 G.O.

MISSOURI.

Arcadia, 26.
 Edina, 13.
 Ferguson, 25.
 Florissant, 22 G.O., 26 G.O., 27, 29 G.O.
 Glencoe, 31 G.O.
 Higginsville, 31 G.O.
 Kansas City, 12 G.O., 19 G.O., 25 G.O., 1.
 Rich Hill, 27.
 St. Charles, 1 G.O.
 Ste. Genevieve, 12 G.O.
 St. Joseph, 25.
 St. Louis, 13 G.O., 24, 25, 25 G.O., 27, 28 G.O., 29 G.O., 30 G.O., 2 G.O., 5 G.O.

MONTANA.

Ashland, 24 G.O.
 Dodson, 17.
 Helena, 26 G.O.

NEBRASKA.

Omaha, 24 G.O.

NEVADA.

Reno, 16 G.O.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Manchester, 25 G.O., 27 G.O.

NEW JERSEY.

Atlantic City, 20, 26 G.O., 28.
 Beach Haven, 31 G.O.
 Bloomfield, 27 G.O.
 Bordentown, 31 G.O., 1.
 Camden, 26 G.O., 28, 31, 31 G.O.
 Cape May Point, 28.
 Elizabeth, 28 G.O.
 Hillside, 11 G.O.
 Jersey City, 18 G.O., 22 G.O., 29 G.O., 2.
 Morristown, 26 G.O.

NEW JERSEY (CONTINUED).

Mount Holly, 10.
 Newark, 25 G.O., 26 G.O., 27, 29 G.O., 1 G.O.
 Newton, 1 G.O.
 Orange, 26 G.O., 29 G.O.
 Paterson, 13 G.O., 15, 29, 29 G.O., 31, 31 G.O.
 Seabright, 26 G.O.
 Sea Isle City, 1 G.O.
 Trenton, 27 G.O., 28, 6, 9.
 West Hoboken, 29 G.O.

NEW MEXICO.

Santa Fé, 31 G.O.

NEW YORK.

Albany, 23 G.O., 31 G.O.
 Amsterdam, 31 G.O.
 Batavia, 12.
 Bath, 31.
 Brooklyn, 15 G.O., 24, 27, 28 G.O., 29, 29 G.O., 1 G.O., 7 G.O.
 Buffalo, 7.
 Canandaigua, 14 G.O.
 Catskill, 14 G.O.
 Dobb's Ferry, 14 G.O., 29 G.O.
 Dunkirk, 23 G.O.
 Elmira, 17 G.O.
 Flushing, 13, 1 G.O.
 Gouverneur, 19.
 Haines Falls, 2 G.O.
 Hamilton, 28 G.O.
 Hastings on Hudson, 29 G.O.
 Ithaca, 31 G.O.
 Le Roy, 19.
 Lockport, 28 G.O.
 Millbrook, 31 G.O.
 Mt. Vernon, 31 G.O.
 Nanuet, 1 G.O.
 Newburgh, 25 G.O., 28 G.O.
 New Castle, 14 G.O., 7 G.O.
 New York, 12 G.O., 13 G.O., 14 G.O., 21 G.O., 22 G.O., 23 G.O., 24, 26, 27, 28, 28 G.O., 29 G.O., 30, 30 G.O., 31, 31 G.O., 1, 4 G.O., 5 G.O., 6 G.O., 11 G.O.
 Norwood, 26 G.O.
 Nyack, 31.
 Ogdensburgh, 23 G.O.
 Owego, 24.
 Patchogue, 21.
 Pawling, 24 G.O.
 Peekskill, 21 G.O.
 Philmont, 26.
 Poughkeepsie, 28.
 Rochester, 10.
 Rondout, 19 G.O., 26.
 Rosebank, 31 G.O.
 Saugerties, 27 G.O.
 Sing Sing, 9 G.O.
 Stamford, 21, 27, 28.
 Stapleton, 27.
 Syracuse, 27, 29.
 Troy, 29 G.O., 31 G.O.
 Tu-kahoe, 26 G.O.
 Utica, 26 G.O., 28 G.O., 30.
 Wappinger's Falls, 29 G.O.
 Waverly, 27.
 Yonkers, 8 G.O.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Raleigh, 28.
 Wilmington, 26 G.O.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Fargo, 25 G.O.

OHIO.

Athens, 12 G.O., 9 G.O.
 Bellaire, 27 G.O.
 Canton, 27 G.O.
 Carthage, 7 G.O.
 Cincinnati, 24 G.O., 25, 26, 27 G.O., 28 G.O., 29 G.O.
 Cleveland, 27 G.O., 28 G.O., 30.
 Colerain, 25.
 Columbus, 18 G.O., 5.

OHIO (CONTINUED).

Dayton, 19, 25, 26 G.O., 29 G.O., 11.
 Gallipolis, 23.
 Lebanon, 31.
 Logan, 26
 New Philadelphia, 27.
 North Ridgeville, 24.
 Reading, 26 G.O.
 Shepard, 31 G.O.
 Springfield, 2.
 St. Martins, 31.
 Tiffin, 27.
 Toledo, 25 G.O., 1 G.O.
 Wheelersburg, 12.
 Wyoming, 8 G.O.
 Zanesville, 10 G.O.
 Youngstown, 25, 28 G.O.

OREGON.

Portland, 29 G.O.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Allegheny, 30 G.O.
 Altoona, 17 G.O., 29.
 Bally, 2 G.O.
 Broadtop, 31 G.O.
 Butler, 24 G.O.
 Carbondale, 28 G.O., 2.
 Carlisle, 23 G.O.
 Chestnut Hill, 25.
 Clarion, 27
 Coatesville, 31.
 Danville, 1.
 Douglassville, 31.
 Dudley, 31 G.O., 7 G.O.
 Easton, 2.
 Erie, 25.
 Glen Riddle, 7 G.O.
 Hanover, 5.
 Houtzdale, 24, 29 G.O.
 Jenkintown, 26.
 Lancaster, 19 G.O., 28.
 Landsdowne, 1.
 Lenni Mills, 3 G.O.
 Littlestown, 20 G.O.
 Loreto, 29 G.O.
 Lucinda, 26.
 Mansfield Valley, 29.
 Mauch Chunk, 19 G.O., 29 G.O.
 McCleary, 1.
 McKeesport, 19 G.O., 29.
 McSherrystown, 24 G.O.
 Media, 28 G.O.
 Merion, 27.
 New England, 25.
 New Oxford, 25.
 Norristown, 31 G.O., 1 G.O., 9.
 Philadelphia, 12 G.O., 14, 20, 22, 22 G.O., 24
 G.O., 25, 27 G.O., 28 G.O., 29, 29 G.O., 30, 30
 G.O., 31, 31 G.O., 1 G.O., 2, 4, 5 G.O.
 Pittsburg, 14 G.O., 24 G.O., 25 G.O., 27, 27 G.O.,
 28, 29 G.O., 1 G.O., 2, 11 G.O.
 Plains, 27 G.O.
 Pottsville, 26 G.O., 29 G.O.
 Pottstown, 5.

PENNSYLVANIA (CONTINUED).

Scottdale, 29 G.O.
 Scranton, 12, 28 G.O., 29 G.O., 31 G.O.
 Shamokin, 31.
 Washington, 12.
 Wilkesbarre, 31.
 Wilmore, 2 G.O.
 York, 31.

RHODE ISLAND.

Bristol, 27 G.O.
 Newport, 29 G.O., 31 G.O.
 Pawtucket, 26.
 Providence, 27 G.O., 30 G.O., 31 G.O.
 Valley Falls, 31 G.O., 5 G.O.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Columbia, 14 G.O.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Aberdeen, 12, 1, 7 G.O.

TENNESSEE.

Memphis, 2 G.O.

TEXAS.

Austin, 24 G.O.
 Corsicana, 25 G.O.
 Dallas, 24
 El Paso, 3, 6.
 Houston, 23 G.O.
 San Antonio, 2.
 Texarkana, 25 G.O.
 Victoria, 26 G.O.

UTAH.

Ogden, 5 G.O.

VERMONT.

Burlington, 28 G.O., 29 G.O.
 Montpelier, 31 G.O.
 Rutland, 28 G.O.

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria, 25 G.O., 26 G.O.
 Norfolk, 25.
 Staunton, 26.
 Winchester, 21.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle, 25 G.O.
 Spokane Falls, 19 G.O.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Parkersburg, 31.
 Salem, 9.
 Wheeling, 12 G.O., 27 G.O.

WISCONSIN.

Fond Du Lac, 29.
 Mukwonago, 29 G.O.
 Osan, 18
 Racine, 31.

CANADA.

Dutch Village, Ont., 26 G.O.
 Halifax, N. S., 24.
 Toronto, Ont., 29 G.O.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—It should be remembered that letters containing Intentions only are acknowledged in this column. Letters from correspondents containing orders or remittances, besides Intentions, are acknowledged in the regular way through the office. The latter means is as good a guarantee that Intentions have reached us, as if acknowledgment of the same appeared in the above column.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The different Calendars of the League with Intentions are sent out the 15th of each month to over 700,000 American Associates, and afterward to the General Centre in France where Mass is daily said for them at the Sanctuary of the Heart of Jesus Pleading, and to La Salette and the Holy Grotto at Lourdes.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

From *B. Herder*, St. Louis :

THE LIFE OF JESUS CHRIST ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL HISTORY. By Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J., Professor of Oriental Languages in Woodstock College, Maryland. (See *Reader* of this MESSENGER.)

From *McCauley and Kilner*, Baltimore :

CHRIST OUR TEACHER. From the French of Father J. B. St. Jure, S.J., with an Introduction by His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons. (See *Reader* of this MESSENGER.)

From *Benziger Brothers*, New York.

SIMPLICITY IN PRAYER. By the Author of *Les Petites Fleurs*. 32mo, cloth, net 30 cents.

HANDBOOK OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION for the use of Advanced Students and the Educated Laity. By Rev. W. Wilmers, S.J. From the German. Edited by Rev. James Conway, S.J. 12mo, cloth, net \$1.50. (See *Reader* of this MESSENGER.)

From the *Herold des Glaubens*, St. Louis :

DER FAMILIENFREUND, KATOLISCHER WEGWEISER for 1892. 25 cents.

THE NOVEMBER MESSENGER

WILL CONTAIN,
BESIDES DEVOTIONAL ARTICLES

Helpers of the Holy Souls.

A sketch of the Foundress of the Religious Congregation having for its object the relief of the Suffering Church, with views from photographs specially taken for this article.

Odd Stories of an Old Mission.

A descriptive account of early missionary life in California, with photographic views, by *George O'Connell, S.J.*

A Sunday on the Sipsy River.

An interesting Character-story of the South, by *Agnes Hampton*.

Reading for the Soul's Comfort.

Second instalment of the instructive article in the present number by the *Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J.*

American Publications of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

PRICE-LIST.

EXCLUSIVE OF POSTAGE AND EXPRESS.

CERTIFICATE OF ADMISSION TO THE APOSTLESHIP (Indulgences marked). The reception of these Certificates is essential to admission: only the Head Director is authorized to publish them, those issued without authority being useless for the purpose: to be had only at *Messenger* office, 20 cents per hundred.

HANDBOOK AND PRAYERS OF THE LEAGUE, 160 pp., 32mo. Paper, 10 cents; \$8.00 per hundred. Cloth, 20 cents; \$16.00 per hundred.

MONTHLY ROSARY TICKETS AND CALENDAR, per set, 15 cents yearly.

APOSTLESHIP CALENDAR (MESSENGER INTENTION SHEET), large size, monthly, 30 cents a year.

THE HOLY HOUR, with Special Prayers. Price, 5 cents; \$4.00 per hundred. (Post free.)

INTENTION BLANKS, with *Treasury of Good Works*. 25 cents per hundred. Large size, for class-rooms, &c., 25 cents per dozen.

SACRED HEART LEAGUE BADGES, 2 cents each; \$1.75 per hundred.

PROMOTERS' ENROLMENT LISTS, 25 cents per hundred.

PROMOTERS' MONTHLY REPORTS, 20 cents per hundred.

PROMOTERS' DIPLOMA AND CROSS (to Directors only), 25 cents; name of Promoters must be first sent.

CHILDREN'S MANUAL, with Instructions and Devotions:

- I. Monthly Communion in Parishes after First Communion;
- II. The League in Schools (Pope's Militia, or Apostleship of Study);
- III. The League and Temperance.

Paper-bound, 5 cents; 6 cents postpaid; \$4 per hundred.

DECORATIONS FOR THE POPE'S MILITIA, 15 cents.

DIPLOMAS OF HONOR FOR THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF THE POPE'S MILITIA, 5 cents.

"HEROIC OFFERING" CARDS.

"HEROIC OFFERING" PROMOTERS' DIPLOMAS.

ILLUMINATED CARDS, Explanation of League, 30 cents per hundred.

ILLUMINATED CARDS, Promises of our Lord, 30 cents per hundred.

HYMNS, with Music, 16 pp., 5 cents; \$4.00 per hundred. (Post free.)

REGISTERS (for 2000 names, with Promoters), \$2.00.

(For German MESSENGER, CERTIFICATES, &c., application should be made to the Head Director for German-speaking American Catholics. "SENBOTE," 593 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.)

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